

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

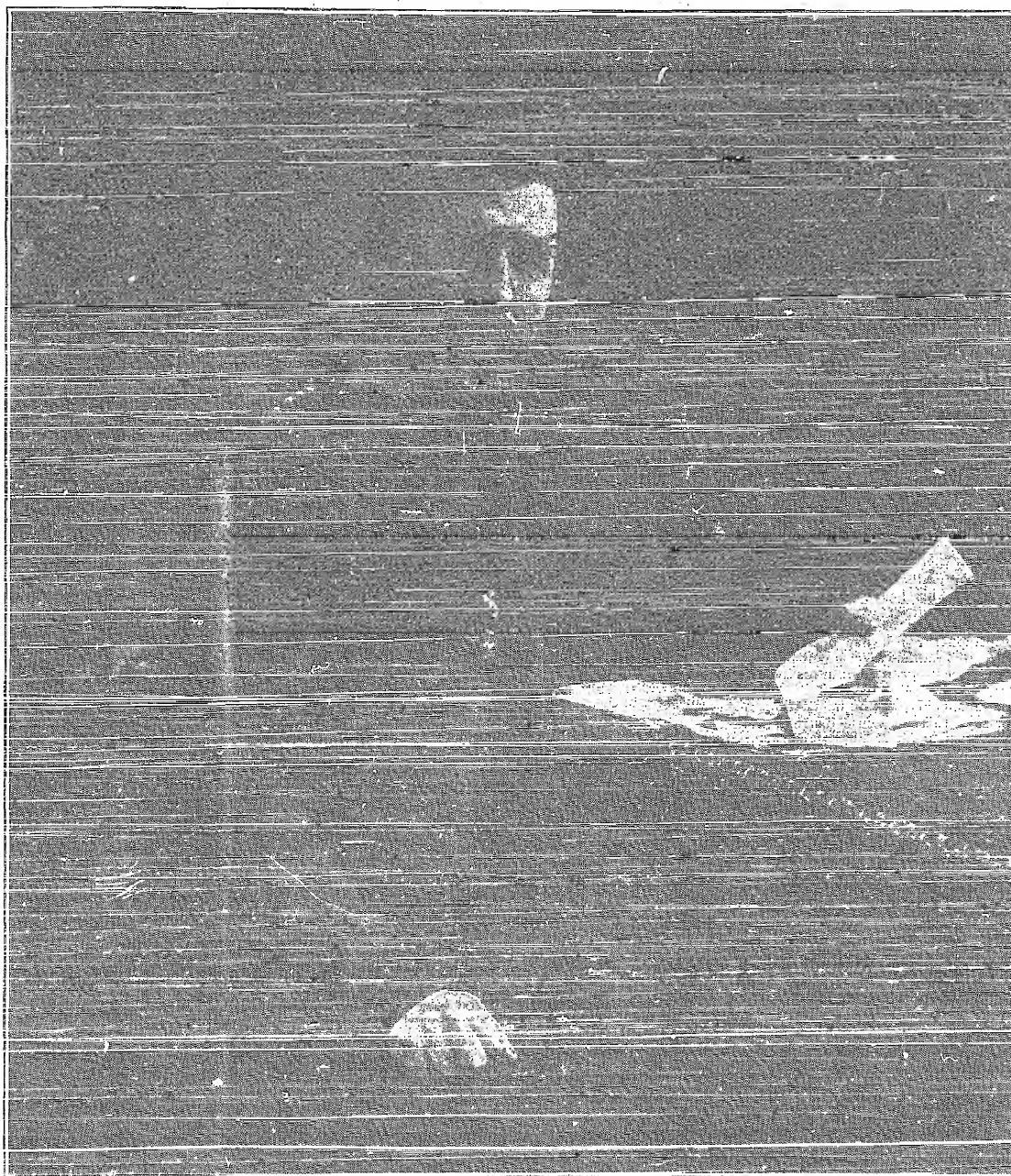
2nd Year. No. 10.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



COMMISSIONER THOMAS B. COOMBS



A Flying Visit.

Commissioner Railton has recently taken a hurried trip to Finland.

Brief News Items from India.

Letters received from India inform us that prospects were much improved, but there was a very serious shortage of rain in many parts. There will consequently be a corresponding failure of crops. In fact, in the Marathi Territory it was feared there will be no harvest worth mentioning, as the fields have not been sown. Commissioner Higgins has been obliged to grant assistance in various directions, and in all probability will have to increase and continue that assistance for some time to come.

Lieut.-Colonel Mithri recently visited a South Indian village where the villagers had previously never seen a Staff Officer of the Salvation Army.

The little party of visiting Salvationists received a hearty welcome and they started their meeting in the village street.

Staff-Capt. Wickram Singh then introduced the Colonel, who, with Bible in hand, explained to the people the message contained in John iii. 16. Such wonderful love was quite new to them, and it was a long time before they could really grasp that it was for them, but thank God seven families came forward for salvation.

At another village near by, the first to come out to the penitent form was a little heathen girl, who was soon followed by her father and several others. The father said he had got twelve devils. So while he was being dealt with at the penitent form Adj. Jaya Nathan went to the man's house, thinking he had got idol there to that number, but came back to find the man really meant that the twelve devils were in his heart. Thank God they were soon cast out.

Lieut.-Colonel Singh has been granted a license by the Madras Government to perform marriages for Europeans within his Territory.

Lieut.-Colonel Hira Singh, writing from Madras, says there is acute distress in that Territory; rain has been short, and since his return from England he has met with persistent cries for help from the poorer classes.

The Rescue Work in Holland.

The three Rescue Homes in Holland are situated at Amsterdam, The Hague, and Rotterdam respectively. That of the commercial capital is a splendidly-appointed and capably-situated institution, though The Hague Home is by no means to be despised as regards size, locality, or conduct.

These Rescue Homes, in which Mrs. Commissioner Estill takes a great personal interest, assisted by a very capable staff of officers, numbering sixteen in all, provide accommodation for about sixty girls. The laws of the country render the work somewhat difficult, and this section of the Army's operations does not perhaps awaken the sympathy of the people to the extent that it receives in Great Britain and other lands, but the necessity for the work is equally as great, though in some respects vice may not be so pronounced. The self-denying efforts of the officers are most praiseworthy, and notwithstanding great obstacles there is much that is encouraging and stimulating. Many of the girls who have entered the Homes are to-day saved and living lives of usefulness.

and Mrs. Commissioner Estill makes it a point of meeting these comrades periodically.

The General's recent campaign has been a wonderful stimulus to officers and soldiers alike, and the future holds promise of still greater blessing and success.

Pithy Pars from Across the Line.

14,000 tons of paper are gathered by the Army's Salvage Department in the United States in one year.

The Salvation Army Exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition was awarded the Grand Prize.

\$718,001.61 has been raised by the two annual efforts—Self-Denial and Harvest Festival—in the U. S. A. during the past seven years.

Ninety-five per cent. of fallen women rescued by the Army last year have turned out satisfactorily. There are now 110 officers engaged in Rescue Work in the States, against 24 when the Commander took charge of that country.

The general property advances throughout the United States during Commander Booth-Tucker's administration have been great. When he took command the Army had property to the value of \$650,000; to-day its general holdings are nearing the \$2,000,000 mark.

Jail or the Salvation Army.

A young woman charged on several counts at Aberdeen was asked by Sheriff Robertson if, supposing he decided to give her another chance, she would go to the Salvation Army and lead a different life. Accused said she would. The Sheriff said he would give her another chance, he did not like to send a girl like her to prison. The Sheriff said she would get the benefit of the First Offenders' Act on the condition that she would put herself into the hands of the Salvation Army people. She would come up for sentence, if called upon, in six months.

Opening New Corps in North Finland.

Three Salvation officers have been commissioned for the opening of Rovaniemi, a Finnish town away in Arctic regions. It is a marketing centre to which people from the far north come in great numbers.

Great interest was awakened in Finland respecting this expedition, and reports to hand give some idea of the difficulties experienced by the officers concerned. The journey from Kemi, the nearest railway station, lay through a long stretch of country, and was exceedingly trying.

On reaching their destination the officers had to announce their meetings and make all necessary arrangements.

The opening engagement took place the day following their arrival, and long before the time announced the house and yard were crowded with people. At the close of a most interesting meeting two souls came out to the penitent form. They were totally ignorant, however, concerning salvation, and did not even know how to pray, but were earnest seekers, and after a long struggle they testified that they had obtained salvation.

Our people have been received very heartily by the townsfolk, their only regret being that we did not come earlier. The clergymen and police have great hopes that we may be able to grapple with the secret sale of intoxicants

and gambling which are such prevalent evils in the town.

A Fire at Midnight.

While Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey were at Grahamstown, Natal, in connection with their farewell meetings, a fire occurred at a house next door to their billet. This obliged them to get up at dead of night and beat a hasty retreat to the officers' quarters, where they were accommodated.

Some 1,500 changes are involved in the British Field in connection with the great farewell which took place recently.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Carrington presided over the 20th anniversary gathering of the Women's Social and Rescue work, conducted by Mrs. Bramwell Booth, on Tuesday, Nov. 22nd.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

We thank God for the privilege of fighting under the able leadership of Commissioner Eva Booth for the past eight years.

Her example and counsels have stirred us on and made us value our privileges more highly, and the indomitable spirit which she has ever manifested, and unwavering faith through all her physical weakness and great responsibility, has been an inspiration and impetus to us.

We also thank God for the many victories achieved, and the many enemies of the cross and the Army that have been won for God during her command.

We pray God to abundantly bless her, and give her strength sufficient for the great demand upon her.—H. C. Kendall, Adj.

DANGER AHEAD!

A lad one time stood by the pilot of a vessel which was making its way through a narrow and dangerous channel. He said to the weather-beaten sailor, as he watched him guiding his vessel this way and that, around the floating buoys that mark the channel: "What do you turn out for those little bits of wood for?"

The old man was too busy to look up. He growled out, "Rocks."

"Well," said the boy, "I wouldn't turn out for those pieces of wood."

"Poor foolish boy," said the old sailor, "little do you know about rocks."

"STRIKE ME DEAD,"

Said the Infidel, but God Gave Her Life.

Among our audience at Holloway, Sunday week, in the open-air, was an infidel lecturer, who desired our prayers. She followed to the inside meeting, where she was taken hold of by the Spirit of God. She went home convicted, unhappy, and undecided. In her own room she sought her once-despised Saviour, but still remained in great darkness. On waking in the morning she felt her load of sin was gone. This woman has been engaged in lecturing on infidelity for the past two and a-half years, on one occasion calling upon the Almighty—if there were a God—to strike her dead. She has also burnt fifty Bibles. Her remarks yesterday in the open-air, held on a spot where infidel lecturers congregated—drew the crowds nearer the ring, and great attention was paid while she spoke. Six souls was the result of the day's fighting.

God said to Israel, by the Prophet Ezekiel, "Then shall ye remember your evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourself in your own sight for your iniquities, and for your abominations." This is a certain effect of entire sanctification. The sinful heart apologizes for itself, excuses its sin, favors it, argues for it. A man who still has the carnal mind says, "I shall not ought to have a little pride. I would not give a snap of my finger for a man who had not some temper. A man who will not stand up for his rights is weak." And so he excuses and argues in favor of the sin in his own heart.

Our New Commissioners.

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS RETURN TO THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FIFTEEN YEARS.

WHEN, on the 19th of September, 1889, we waved our handkerchiefs at the Toronto Union Station as a last farewell to the swiftly receding figures on the departing train, we did not speculate that our departing leaders, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, would ever return to our midst for another term of office. Yet the unexpected has happened, and before this edition will leave the press they will have arrived and received the warm welcome they deserve, and which many are ready to extend to the pioneer Commissioners of our Territory.

It is nearly thirty years now since the seventeen-year-old lad knelt at the Army penitential form at Wellingsboro, in the Old Country, and it is certain that nobody had the faintest idea that in the penitential youth was the future Army Commissioner. Full of life and zeal for the salvation of souls, young Tommy Coombs applied for the Field and was accepted. During a number of years he held important commands in the British Field, among them being that of the Divisional Officer in Wales, he being the second in that appointment.

Early Days in Canada.

The work in Canada meanwhile was gaining ground rapidly. The New Year, 1884, in Canada, saw the Army with ten corps, and constant calls for officers were received at the New York Headquarters, which then directed the work in Ontario. But the U. S. A. itself claimed so much attention that the General decided to separate these two fields, and sent Major T. B. Coombs to take charge of the Canadian wing. At his arrival excitement was at fever heat, and during the great councils held in the Queen City nearly "a thousand soldiers, from various parts of Ontario, marched the streets, while 120 officers answered the roll call. Two thousand persons sat down to tea," so states the Annual Report issued by T. H. C. for 1884. Before the end of the year the Canadian forces had swelled to 73 corps and 35 outposts, divided into five Divisions, in command of 142 officers.

During the following five years the Army advanced by leaps and bounds, in fact, there were never enough officers to be had to answer the calls for them.

But our advance was by no means easy and without opposition. On the contrary, we had some desperate struggles in some quarters. Sticks, stones, hooks, and yells, and worse items, characterized the welcome of many a lass or lad into a new place.

Imprisonment was not infrequent. A number of soldiers and officers suffered through it, but won also a glorious victory for the cause of the Army. Our openings at Montreal and Quebec caused regular riots and long legal proceedings, but the Army emerged on top.

The Building of the Temple.

Shortly after arriving in Toronto the Commissioner cast about for a proper Headquarters building. An excellent site of land was secured and plans prepared before the end of the year. The following year (1885) the stone-laying of the Temple took place, and in 1886 it was successfully opened. Since then it has been the scene of many battles and demonstrations that have become historic in Canadian S. A. warfare.

The most cruel persecution, however, was the one which was hurled, in the form of slander and misrepresentation, against us during the past year of the Commissioner's command in Canada. Trying as it must have been at the time, Commissioner Coombs came out of it triumphantly. His heart must have swelled with gratitude when he viewed the long procession of officers who gathered at

the Union Station to wave him a last farewell. Having come into the Territory when the Army was small, he knew practically every officer, and had visited nearly every corps in the Dominion. The family feeling was, therefore, strong, and the departure of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs was looked upon with many a sad heart.

The farewell letter of Commissioner Coombs, which appeared in the Canadian War Cry of Sept. 21st, 1889, contained some phrases which are very characteristic of the man.

"Much of our time in the past has been taken up in looking forward, as it should be," wrote the Commissioner. "These last few days we have been looking back and remembering all the way the Lord has led us; truly it has been a marvelous way, a way full of difficulties, yet full of blessed victory; and we are sure the remembrance of all this will be as an inspiration to us in our new field."

"Keep in Touch with God."

The personal interest in each officer was voiced in the closing paragraphs, which read: "There is only one way you can be defeated at all, and we throw up the danger signal: Lose your touch with God, and all is over as far as you are concerned; keep in touch with Him and all is well. Do you think our Army will ever be defeated? Never! We have only to keep on the real old track,

Commissioner Coombs.

A RONTGEN RADIOGRAPH.

By Commissioner Nicol.

We shall miss Commissioner Coombs from our salvation platforms. Some of us have come to look upon him as an institution. His tactics are original, and to some extent they have been revolutionary. He does not press, as do many leaders, for volunteers for salvation. Neither does he go to the other extreme of employing methods that approach the coercive.

His theory is this: that in each meeting of the Salvation Army there is a proportion of spiritual halt, lame, blind, and diseased. When the people heard that Christ was passing through their midst they brought forth their sick and asked Christ to heal them. The Master did not preach a sermon in three divisions. No! He had compassion on them, and restored them to health and peace.

"I am not against preaching in the Apostolic sense," said Commissioner Coombs to us the other day. "I hope I myself have given ample evidence of that; but it is not the end-all and be-all of a salvation meeting. Hence I recognize that in the average crowd before me are sinners and backsliders; that they know themselves to be such; that they know the way of salvation; and that, in a measure, they feel the need of the divine pardon. So I press home the chance on the spot."

In that explanation we see, understand, and admire (in the right use of the word) Commissioner Coombs.

A Study in Methods.

"Raise you hand!" he cries, as he rushes from one end of the platform to the other. "Raise your hand! Up with it! Who will be the first to raise his hand for Christ—to be saved now? Thank you! Now another! Two, three, four, five, . . . ten . . . fifteen . . . twenty!"

"And those who feel now their need of sanctification—a clean heart. One! Thank God! Oh, for a deluge of salvation to-night! (Amen.) Two! Thank you! Three, four, five! Glory be to God!"

and live out its principles, teach faithfully its doctrines, and inculcate its spirit into everybody we can, and then the devil may look out."

From Canada Commissioner Coombs went to Australia, where he labored successfully for seven years, after which he was appointed to the command of the British troops. The farewell meetings there demonstrated clearly how much he was esteemed throughout the length and breadth of that Territory.

Mrs. Coombs, as Captain Nellie Cope, was one of the earliest and most successful officers in the days of the Christian Mission. To her devotion and care, notwithstanding her own physical weakness, the Commissioner chiefly attributes his excellent health. She will be lovingly remembered in Canada by the early officers and proteges of our Rescue Homes, in which she took a particular interest, and for the support of which she labored much.

A Salvation Family.

All the children of the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs are Salvationists. The eldest is an Ensign on the International Headquarters Staff, while his two daughters have just concluded their course in the International Training Home and will take appointments in Canada.

The Commissioner will note many substantial advances and improvements which have taken place during his absence; he will notice numerous new faces among the officers and soldiers of the Territory, but there will also be many old faces and warm hearts to greet him and Mrs. Coombs and extend their love, with the esteem of the new, and co-operation of all in the great warfare against the Foe of Man in this country.

Welcome, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs!

"Now remain standing those who have held up their hands. Those who are the Lord's, and are seated, pray. Right! Thank you! Dear Lord, help those in the valley. Make the way clear for the penitent form, unless it gets blocked by penitents."

And in this way the hearts of the wavering are encouraged to begin to seek God in a more definite sense than in the meditative, contemplative spirit which is often synonymous for indecision and procrastination.

A Man with a Personality.

Commissioner Coombs is a distinct influence. He is a personal epitome of the character, aim, and vigor of the Salvation Army. As he sweeps on to a platform he brings with him the breeze of a happy, simple, definite salvationism. No one thinks of looking at, far less remembering, the length and style of his frock-coat. The dress, the attitude, and the mannerisms of the man are lost sight of in the commanding power with which he sways Staff, soldiery, and sinner alike in the direction of the penitent form.

Commissioner Coombs is a great evangelist. Whitefield relied upon the aptness of his metaphors, the humanness of his incidents, and the gift of a scholarly and sanctified tongue—all charged with the divine energy—to arrest attention and convict men of sin. Wesley's power was in the directness with which he fired his logic and Scriptural doctrine. Moody and Spurgeon relied on what they termed the plain Gospel. Commissioner Coombs is a man of unvarying and ever-increasing and intensifying faith. His is a voice, an instrument, for the divine to use and operate upon. A medium, if the word is more expressive. He goes to a meeting believing that something is to be done, and, of course, it is done.

A Salvation Stage Manager.

And, perhaps, as a public man, he shines almost as bright as a salvation stage manager. I observe that, in a magazine, this element is hinted at as if it were a crime. Commissioner Coombs laughed at the charge when it was mentioned to him, because the Bible is his text-book, with its picturesque tales of the divine leading of His own people; and because he came from, lives amongst, and toils

and travels for the ordinary folk of the street, the factory, shop, mine, and shipyard.

Nothing is ever dull or dreary in his meetings. For he sees possibilities in people where hundreds of others are blind to them. People pray and speak in his campaigns whose voices are seldom heard, and with the grace of a manner cultivated in the school of experience, and with that irrepressible and permeating passion for bringing men to God Commissioner Coombs never fails. He goes to Canada for a second time; and those who

listened to him declare to-night in Exeter Hall that he was glad to go; that instead of fearing that he would be stale and lose influence thereby, he looked upon the chance with joy and confidence, realized if they never did so before, that with such a spirit a man never gets old, never gets weary in well-doing, and is sure to succeed in whatever he puts his heart to.

We shall miss him. But he has left us something to remember and to copy. God go with him and his.—Social Gazette.

Farewell of Commissioner Coombs

FROM THE International Training Homes.

A farewell breakfast was held at the International Training Homes on Friday, the 4th inst., to afford the officers engaged in the International Training work an opportunity of saying good-bye to the British Commissioner.

Colonel Hay, the Chief Secretary, presided. On rising, the Chief Secretary said the meeting would necessarily be brief, as there were two others that day the Commissioner had to attend, in addition to doing an inspection, and this fact is suggestive of the whirl of work the British Commissioner is usually engaged in.

He spoke of the wonderful farewell gatherings of the Commissioner throughout the United Kingdom. Wonderful, not only for the emotion that stirred the hearts of those the Commissioner was leaving behind, but wonderful on account of the penitent form work, the big crowds, and the offerings for service in the Salvation Army that took place at these gatherings.

Lightning Speeches.

Then "lightning speeches" were asked for. Brigadier Complin told of having traveled thousands of miles with the Commissioner in Australia, and of still further service under him in England. He spoke from personal experience of the high regard entertained for Commissioner Coombs in Canada, where he was looked upon as the founder of the Army in that country, and foretold a grand reception for him.

Lieut.-Colonel Dean, the Vice-Principal, who was a Divisional Officer when Commissioner Coombs took charge of Australia, spoke of the welcome the Commissioner received there, especially referring to the way the people's generosity yielded to a spirit of great conviction, as the Commissioner laid hold of them in his own characteristic way, and a multitude of men and women were soon at the penitent form.

Colonel Harriet Lawrence recalled the British Commissioner's words at the Rink on his arrival: "I have come with my heart—that heart is going to beat for sinners."

Commissioner Rees.

The Training Commissioner, who is about to leave for Sweden, was next called on and delivered a very happy and appropriate address. Referring to the proposal for this gathering, he mentioned that, with the Chief Secretary, he had gone over the various dates in which it was thought they could be held, but there was positively no time left open. Thus it was decided that if no time in the day could be got, an early morning meeting could be squeezed in before the day's work began. He confirmed what Brigadier Complin had previously indicated as to the Commissioner being the founder of the Salvation Army in Canada, and said that a very large proportion of the Canadian work was done under the direction of the present British Commissioner, and prophesied for him one of the mightiest receptions accorded anyone. In addition to the other points which had been mentioned as distinctive characteristics of the British Commissioner, he would add "Work."

"I thought I could put in a good day's work," he continued, "but after reading of

the Commissioner's meetings, travelings, and general business, I have had to say to him, 'How in the name of reason you can keep it up, go through with it, and keep on your feet, I cannot understand.'"

The British Commissioner had replied, "I can do it because my heart is in it."

Penitent Form the Point.

"It is also a striking object-lesson to us how Commissioner Coombs makes every effort bend to the penitent form. In many meetings in which I have been present, conducted by the Commissioner, it has seemed most unlikely that the penitent form work would be got in, and yet he has somehow turned the nose of the meeting to the penitent form. With him all roads lead to that spot. I am not a politician, but I firmly believe Canada is destined to become a great nation."

And he believes the Commissioner's appointment is a divine arrangement which will be a great benefit to the Salvation Army in Canada.

The Chief Secretary followed with a Highland story, and said that an old Highland wife was speaking to her family of one of her ancestors who was beheaded for some bad conduct. The little Scotch children to whom the mother was telling the tale said:

"That was awful."

"Aye," said the mother, "it was not much of a head, but it was a sair loss for the poor laddie."

We could not say or think that of Commissioner Coombs. In his unbroken association with him for eight and a-half years the Colonel had good reason for remembering that the Commissioner had a good head, as well as a good heart. (Applause.) He had both great heart and great head capacity, and it was well for the future of the Army that in it there were plenty of good men and true, with splendid gifts, who were equal to the work they were called to do. Reference had been made to the Commissioner's work, and it was true that the Commissioner was a tireless worker, and that his influence was felt to the utmost bounds of the command; in fact, he was as well known in some of the large cities of Britain as if he had been preaching in them for the last fifty years. Referring to the Commissioner's influence on the Army in Great Britain, Colonel Hay mentioned that the Army had been organized on its present pattern for twenty-five years, and that during one-third of that time the Commissioner had been in charge of the work of this Kingdom, so that many of the developments of the present day had their genesis and exodus in the heart and mind of Commissioner Coombs, and when the historian of the future wrote the history of the Salvation Army in the quarter of a century just past, he would have to take into account much of what had been done in Commissioner Coombs' stay. He would have to mention the tone that had been given to the Army.

Commissioner Coombs' Reply.

It was now the turn of Commissioner Coombs. He was received with very great warmth and enthusiasm on rising to speak. He thanked all for the very kind words which they had spoken. A dear officer had remarked at one of his farewells recently that it was

the habit of people in these days to save all the flowers to put on the grave of a loved one, but she wanted to bring out a bouquet to put before him while he was here, and he accepted what had been said in this sense, and would think of the kind words, which had been spoken with such a ring of sincerity about them, in the days to come. He was not especially concerned as to where he was to go, but he thought what a wonderful lesson the farewelling and appointments of the Commissioners of the Salvation Army was to the comrades of all ranks.

Reference had been made to Mrs. Coombs' health, and the hope expressed that it might be benefited in connection with the change of climate. Long ago they had made their consecration on this matter. They reckoned that God had their times in His hands, and that being so, they were sure He understood what climate to send them to. Moreover, it was as near to heaven from Canada as England. Mrs. Coombs had been ill in bed for five months when they received orders for Canada twenty years ago, and it was prophesied the change would be the death of her, but it turned out all right, and when their orders arrived for Australia the doctors said it would be madness and death for her to go, but Australia had helped to heal the hemorrhage of the lungs from which she suffered, so that good instead of evil had come out of it.

This dear old land has a very bad name for weather, but he had laughed a big laugh when our comrades from abroad were basking in the sunshine day after day at the International Congress.

Commissioner Rees interjected, "You would have laughed still more had you seen the umbrellas they brought here."

Confidence in God.

During the past few weeks Mrs. Coombs had been suffering from ulceration of the stomach, but he could see the Lord was putting His dear hands upon her, and preparing her for the journey. This was his confidence in God on the matter.

He expected difficulties in the future. Referring to his early-day fighting, the Commissioner said, "I put into Canada some of the best work of my life. Four nights a week in bed was my average while there on account of the long journeys by sleighs, trains, etc., which had to be done before the country was opened up." Scores of times he had gone out of red-hot meetings to drive across the country, and get snatches of sleep as he was able, so as to be at his next appointment in the morning. He was going to meet many of the dear officers who first saw the light of salvation during his early days, and still stand true to God and the Salvation Army, while on the other hand there would be some sad sights, for he knew he must meet some who were out of the way. He was going to the land of the birth of two of his dear children, and going to the spot where he and Mrs. Coombs had buried their dead. Here he hesitated a moment, overcome by his feelings. The whole place would be full of interest to him from every aspect. Of course the dear Old Land would have a warm place in his heart. This was the land of his birth, the land where he had been led into the light of God; the land of the Army's birth; the land where the dust of the Army Mother lies, and from which the Army had sent forth its apostles.

It was not necessary for him to say anything about his devotion to the General and the Salvation Army. He would refer to his twenty-nine years' service under the flag, and to the fact that he had yet to meet the first man who could say, "Commissioner, you have been untrue to your vows and to the flag." He would point to his past records as some guarantee in that respect. His comrades might be sure he would be "at the old stand" pushing on salvation in the old blood-and-fire style. The poor world never needed the Salvation Army so much as now. "Not a yard of pump water Salvation Army, but a hot, blazing, tearing, zealous, earnest, pull-it's-throne-to-pieces sort of Salvation Army."

COMMISSIONER COOMBS' FAREWELL TO THE METROPOLIS

A GREAT GATHERING—THE CHIEF'S MESSAGE AND THE GENERAL'S LETTER—A HEART-STIRRING SPEECH.

[From the Social Gazette.]

The memory of the farewell to the Metropolis of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, in the Exeter Hall, will be a source of comfort and inspiration to them when they are on the surging billows and when they traverse the rolling prairies of British America.

It was the sort of meeting that quickens the pulse and enkindles aspirations; that makes exultant the heart and causes the soul to magnify the Lord in humble wonderment. To begin with, the great hall was packed from floor to ceiling with the cream of London Salvationists and Army friends, who roared and waved a greeting to Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs that was only exceeded in volume by the harmonious crashing of the massed bands on the platform. Could one know that that mighty ovation and outburst of affection was for him and not be stirred to his soul's depths? Commissioner Coombs could not.

Again, could a man who has devoted his life to the glory of God and the good of his fellows hear those whom he had striven to bless tell how well he has succeeded without being transported with gratitude to God? Once more we say—judging by his speech—Commissioner Coombs could not.

And could an officer who loves his General as Salvation Army officers love their General listen to the reading of a letter from his General, as Commissioner Coombs was privileged to do, without feeling the exultation and encouragement that follows recognition of honest effort? Again we venture to say—Commissioner Coombs could not.

These things, and other influences that cannot be enchained with leaden type, will make that meeting memorable in the lives of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

A Great Gathering.

The meeting was in every sense an official, yet homelike, gathering. All the Commissioners of the International Headquarters were there to signify by voice and presence their affection for the outgoing Commissioner and his dear wife; the Provincial Officers from every Province had foregathered in Exeter Hall to be present at the final farewell of their leader, who for eight and a-half years had led them on with indomitable courage and unwavering zeal.

The meeting was led by Colonel Hay, the Chief Secretary, who called upon Commissioners Ralston and Nicol to pray, after which a large number of juniors who were on the platform, tastefully arranged in colored chudans, sang a special farewell song, to the tune of "God be with you till we meet again."

The lines upon which the meeting proceeded were as might be expected—representative addresses. And although the voices of all had not the same carrying power, there was no difference in the sincerity and fervor that dominated the tones of the speakers, most of whom gave charming reminiscences of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

Reminiscences.

The first to be called upon was the Sergeant-Major of Hammersmith, who represented the local officers. He was a soldier at Hammersmith when Commissioner Coombs was appointed to be Lieutenant at that corps nearly twenty-seven years ago; and the Sergeant-Major had carefully watched the Commissioner's career from that time. He was a noble warrior, said the old Sergeant-Major—a statement that was greeted with resounding cheers—was faithful to doctrines and loyal to the flag.

There were, in all, fourteen speakers; we can, therefore, only give sentences from a few of the speeches.

It was twenty-four years ago since Adj. Whistam—representing Field Officers—first

met the Commissioner in the North of England. He, at that time, thought him an out-and-out man of God. Years had only intensified that opinion.

Brigadier Tait, representing the children's work in the North London Province, told a good story, which hits off the Commissioner's characteristics in a capital fashion. He had been conducting a week-end's special meetings at a certain town in the North. A drunkard in the meeting was taken hold of, but did not come out for salvation. Next day the Brigadier and some officers were at the railway station, when up strolled the drunkard and entered into conversation.

"I was at your meeting last night," said he. "Oh," was the reply, "did you like it?" "Yes," he said, "I liked the one who led it. He put his bloomin' cart in all he did!"

Colonel Wright, the South London Provincial Officer, in the course of an amusing speech, related another little incident. About twenty-five years ago the Salvation Army sent an attacking party to open fire on the town in which he lived. Notwithstanding that his mother was a pious woman, young Wright had no desire to get converted; but when he heard the Captain and Lieutenant speak he thought he would have to keep away from them, or he would be "a gonner." He kept away, but his mother invited them to his home to tea, where they prayed with him and supplemented his mother's efforts, with the result that he ultimately got saved. "That Captain," said the Colonel, "is now Mrs. Commissioner Coombs."

Twenty-two years ago Colonel Wright—on the occasion of his going with Commissioner Pollard to open New Zealand—spoke in the Exeter Hall: he had not spoken in it since until that night. He hoped the Commissioner would live long enough to speak from Exeter Hall platform again.

Colonel Rothwell, the North London P. C., had been thoughtful enough to commit his address to writing and read it. It was a good address, well read.

The Chief's Message.

Commissioner Carleton represented the International Headquarters, and remarked that when he was the Chief of the Staff's Secretary, twenty-three years ago, he had sent Commissioner Coombs his appointments as a Field Officer. The Salvation Army had grown since that time. Commissioner Carleton also read the following inspiring message from the Chief of the Staff to Commissioner Coombs:—

"Good-bye, Commissioner; you have fought hard and long, and God has poured His glorious gifts through you upon us all. The Old Country honors and blesses you, and will follow you with prayers and sympathy and affection to Canada. We are all one in the blood-and-fire. God save the King, and God bless the people!"

The General's Letter.

Commissioner Howard had been deputed to read a letter from the General to the British Commissioner, but before doing so made some interesting remarks on his own account.

Fifteen years ago Commissioner Howard handed over to Commissioner Coombs the reins of the Australian command; eight and a-half years ago, on the Exeter Hall platform, he had also handed him the reins of the British Field.

The mention of our beloved General was greeted with the most spontaneous cheering and was a striking manifestation of the hold he has upon the hearts of his people, and his beautiful letter to the outgoing Commissioner was listened to with rapt attention and concluded amidst ringing applause.

This is the letter:—

"My dear Commissioner Coombs,—Amidst the many voices that will be loudly lifted up in bidding you farewell to-night I feel that mine must also be heard. I am an old friend. I think I know you well. From your very boyhood I have with interest watched your career. For twenty-seven years you have consistently traveled along the important and responsible line of Salvation Army officer-ship. During that time you have, of God's mercy, been enabled to maintain not only an unblemished reputation in outward conduct, but a faithful following of your Lord on the self-denying track of love to your Heavenly Father, and unflinching compassion for the imperishable souls of men.

You have already had a wonderful earthly reward. God has been with you in your home. Your wife, and sons, and daughters have been united with you in devotion to the flag. There has been no dissension there. You have now the joy of hailing three of your children as officers in the service. God grant them the success of which they have given promise. I shall ever feel a deep interest in their future.

God was with you in Canada twenty years ago.

He was with you in your seven years' service spent in Australia.

And He has been with you in filling one of the most important commands the world has in it to-day—the Commissionership of the Salvation Army of Great Britain.

The last position, and your warfare in connection with it, will most concern the gathering in Exeter Hall to-night.

Splendid Characteristics.

Many gratifying things have marked your command in the Old Country, to which with pleasure I can testify:

1. It has been characterized by an unswerving devotion to duty.
2. An appreciation of the value of discipline and an unflinching adherence to it.
3. An affectionate regard for the officers and soldiers under your care.
4. A supreme love for the souls of the lost, and an untiring zeal for their salvation.
5. A desire at all costs and consequences to carry out the wishes of your General.
6. And last, but not least, a gratifying measure of progress realized in the different departments under your command.

With satisfaction I acknowledge the service you have rendered to both God and man in this land, and thank you for it.

You represent a class of officers in the world-wide Army of whom any general may be justly proud.

And now once more you turn your face to the great Canadian Dominion.

You will find that country increased in population, growing day by day in earthly prosperity, and presenting a still grander opportunity for salvation warfare than ever before.

You will also find, I think, that the Salvation Army has gone forward in almost every respect since you did your pioneering work there, which progress I have every confidence you will carry forward to still further dimensions.

There is another thing which you can be certain of meeting there, and that will be a hearty reception.

The prayers of your British comrades will follow you.

The blessing of your General will go with you.

May the God of heaven grant you and Mrs. Coombs all the health and strength and light and power necessary to your work in Canada, and which is essential to your becoming more than ever an efficient and successful officer in the Salvation Army.

Farewell. We shall meet again. Till then and always believe me to be, for earth and heaven, your affectionate General,

(Signed) WILLIAM BOOTH.

(Continued on page 8.)

Of Interest to Bandsmen.

ESSENTIALS IN THE S. A. BANDSMAN.

V.—Singing.

Since writing my last article I have taken a sea voyage—not for the good of my health, however, for the reverse was the result. Now out of the chaotic remembrances of that voyage, one incident stands out prominently. It was on the Sunday, and we had had three services that day, in which all the passengers—first, second, and steerage—had joined in praise and supplication to our God. At the close of the service at night I was laid out with mal-de-mer, and in the next four days I had ample leisure to weigh up any matters needing consideration, and then it was that the outstanding feature of the Sunday's services presented itself to me, while my thoughts were running on the subject matter of my next article.

It first occurred to me in the morning service. Near where I was standing were several young men singing bass to those grand old hymns dear to our fathers—"Forever with the Lord," "All people that on earth do dwell," etc. I asked these young men after the service if they were regular attendants at some church, and they confessed that years had passed since they had darkened church doors; in fact, not since Sunday School days; and yet, here they were, unaccompanied by any musical instrument, rolling out a bass or tenor, as accurately as if being sung from music.

It forced this conclusion upon me as I lay in my berth: the average S. A. bandsman compares most unfavorably with these young men, while one would imagine the bandsman, with his music constantly before him, and taking part in the musical portion of divine service three times on Sunday and once or twice in the week, would make some effort to render the vocal part of his worship as accurate as I hope he endeavors to make his instrumental effort.

It is hardly enough that he play his instrument as best he can; he has not then exhausted his abilities, and he must exercise each and all. How exceedingly effective is a soulfully-rendered solo. How full of influence and spirit of conviction is the combined singing of a congregation of men and women met together to praise and worship God. How it affects the unsaved in the meeting. I plead for a use of this talent, which can and does reach the heart of the sinner, mellowing him into a condition where he may receive the gift of God. I plead for an intelligent use of this talent—a use with one set purpose—developed to its fullest extent, and for the salvation of sinners.

Yes, our bandsmen may, can, should, I trust will, raise their voices in harmonious song, individually and collectively with parts, using one or other of the talents God has blessed them with, for of all these things will the Judge require full and ample account on the last day. See to it, then, that full justice is done to your abilities.—Gertom.

NEWS NOTES.

The Temple band has recently secured one of Bartlett's patent acetylene lamps, which is not only of great service, but is certainly very attractive. The lamp gives a light equal to 250 to 300 candle power, and can be carried by one man. It is supposed to burn 2½ hours at a cost of 10 cents.

Not only to bands, but I should think this lamp would be of very great usefulness to our corps in their open-air work throughout the Territory.

Lisgar St. Band visited Aurora in connection with the wedding of a veteran soldier, Brother Andrews. A special car was chartered, and altogether an excellent time was spent.

Bandsman Hawkins, formerly G. trombonist of the Lippincott St. Band, has crossed the brine, for Bonnie England, where he has land-

ed in safety. His work compelled him to leave fair Canada, where he made himself very happy for a time.

Bandsmen Sanford and Thomes, both of the Temple Band, and who arrived from England last summer, took unto themselves continual partners in this war a week or two ago. Their wives crossed the seas about a month ago. We wish both very much joy.

We have a very flourishing corps of about forty-five soldiers at Port Arthur, Ont., many of whom are young men. They talk of starting a band. We wish them success. Even Aurora has an ambition in that direction.

HOW TO BREATHE CORRECTLY And Play a Wind Instrument.

The centre lobe of the lung is a sort of reserve fund; that is, when you have taken a deep breath and filled the base of the lungs, you can take a quick, short breath to expand the centre. This should be sufficient to play the longest possible phrase or sentence. The summit of the lungs should never be expanded by raising the shoulders; this is bad form in breathing. Let me caution you from using this style.

I quote here from Mr. F. M. Alexandria, the great elocutionist and expert on how to breathe properly. Mr. Alexandria is convinced that the chief cause of the physical deterioration of the people, and also of half their illnesses, is their method of breathing.

The many wind instrument performers should be more serious in giving their special attention to this most important part of playing. At the Crystal Palace band contest many players breathed from the summit of their lungs, that is, raised their shoulders to

take a deep breath. This style of breathing is entirely wrong, and should be avoided. In raising the shoulders one is obliged to expand the muscles of the clavicle, and in the event of the expulsion of air from the lungs, these muscles must contract and tend to drive the wind down in the air cells. On the contrary, when you breathe from the base and centre lobes of the lungs, the contraction of the diaphragm and the pressure of the expanded abdominal muscles relieve you of any extra exertion to finish your beautiful phrasing.—Paris Chambers.

POINTS FOR PLAYERS.

To clean brass instruments outside, use no sort of metal polish, nor any gritty substance at all.

The best things that have been found for cleaning instruments are a bucket of hot water, a lump of soap, and a sponge. These will clean them thoroughly, and a dry cloth will burnish them as brightly as is necessary.

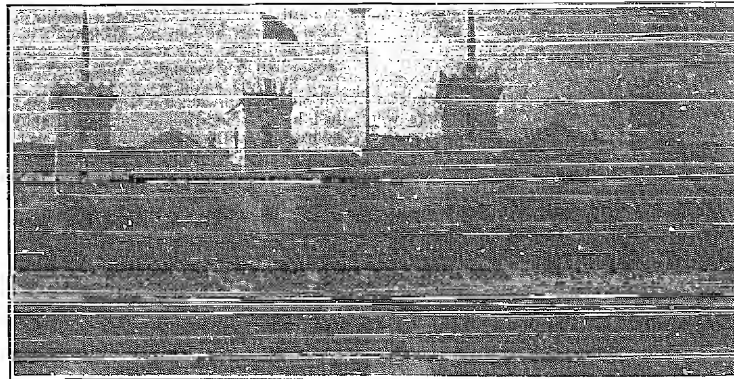
Young players ought never to meddle with the valves. If these stick, or work sluggishly, the instruments should be examined by the teacher.

We are often asked, "What is a good thing to put on the lips to make them flexible?" and we are always obliged to reply, as the celebrated cornetist did, "The mouthpiece." Apply the mouthpiece to the lips frequently, gently, carefully, and if your lip has any muscle at all in it, you will, in time, develop its full strength.

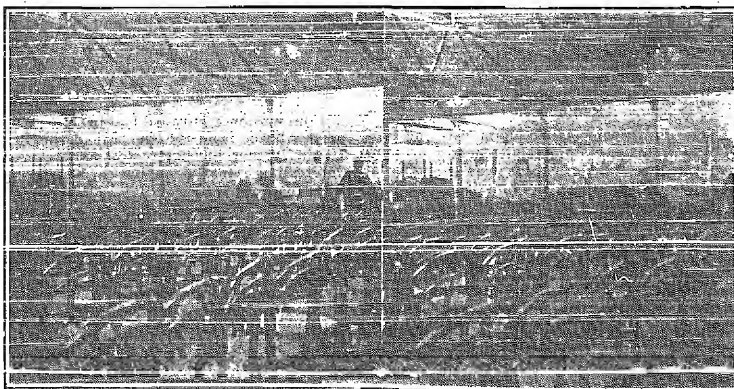
There is only one sure and certain way to acquire a true intonation—viz., scale-practice.

When a brass instrument has a long rest in a piece, before commencing to play the instrument should be warmed by breathing gently through it, otherwise, when the part is "picked up," the instrument will be cold, which causes the tone to be flat.

OUR STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.



13.—International Hall, Strand, Exterior.



14.—Interior of International Hall.

Fargo, No.

Our Work Makes So
A Proper Place

FARGO is an cnt North Dakota 14,000, where respected and helped ner.

Business men, and seem to vie with each other very generously to our necessary for our of scene to be cordially altogether greeted in

Under such conditions, prising officers, Ensign Weir, went to work about sixteen months ago, with a sure and certain prospect of cutting the thousands of dollars necessary to erect a building for Army purposes, second to none from point of appearance and suitability in the Territory. A business man gave \$500 as a start, and was followed almost eagerly by other donations of a substantial character in the city.

The officers worked spired everyone in the day of opening, when Senator Mark Hammon with about two thousand witnesses the same. I smiled—a proud day of the brave officers, the who had so well and bring such a happy

Since that notable has seemingly taken in the estimation of has become a most agency towards saving, an organization, appreciated by the people an opportunity presented.

When the moving were there, a week

Fargo, North Dakota.

Our Work Makes Some Excellent Strides—
A Proper Place for the Army.

FARGO is an enterprising little city in North Dakota with a population of 14,000, where the Salvation Army is respected and helped in a very pleasing manner.

Business men, and the citizens, generally, seem to vie with each other in contributing very generously to our work, and it is only necessary for our officer to appear on the scene to be cordially shaken by the hand and altogether greeted in a most friendly fashion.

Under such conditions as these the enterprising officers, Ensign Gillam and Captain

Weir, went to work, about sixteen months ago, with a sure and certain prospect of securing the thousands of dollars necessary to erect a building for Army purposes, second to none from point of appearance and suitability in the Territory. A business man gave \$500 as a start, and was followed almost eagerly by other donations of a substantial character by persons of means in the city.

The officers worked and collected and inspired everyone in the new enterprise till the day of opening, when the nephew of the late Senator Mark Hanna laid the corner-stone, with about two thousand people present to witness the same. It was a day when Fargo smiled—a proud day, indeed, for the Salvation Army, and a day of equal pleasure for the brave officers, the comrades, and friends who had so well and unselfishly worked to bring such a happy state of things about.

Since that notable day of opening the Army has seemingly taken a very important place in the estimation of the people of Fargo, and has become a most necessary and useful agency towards saving and blessing the people, an organization that is not slightly appreciated by the people, but helped whenever an opportunity presents itself.

When the moving pictures of the Congress were there, a week ago, the people came

to the Army hall in such numbers that many could not obtain admittance, while inside the spacious and beautiful hall the crowd was so densely packed that breathing was somewhat difficult.

Ensign Gillam and Capt. Weir are saying good-bye to this bonnie and prosperous city, and carry with them to their new appointments the good-will and blessings of Fargo's people for their untiring toil among them, and leave standing on one of the finest sites a monument to their ability and hard work in the form of a magnificent building that does the city and the Army credit.—Pry.

PRESIDENT LOUBET AND HIS MOTHER.

On a walking trip in France the Rev. A. N. Cooper, an English Clergyman, stopped at Montelimar, whither President Loubet goes to spend his holiday time.

Mr. Cooper's hotel at Montelimar overlooked the market-place. By six o'clock the morning after his arrival the noise outside told him that the stalls were in preparation for business. As he looked from his window the sight of a top-hat in the midst of so many white caps attracted his attention, and he had no difficulty in recognizing beneath it the features of the President of the French Republic.

Presently a little market-cart drove up, in which was seated a little old woman, and beside her a country fellow in a blue blouse. Monsieur Loubet immediately went up to the cart, and lifted the little woman down and kissed her. She and the countryman unloaded the cart of its greenery, poultry, and butter, and then the President gave his arm to the old woman, and led her to the stall—which the countryman had piled up with the stuff—and with his own hands put up the umbrella which was to shield her from the sun. They chatted together for a few minutes; then the President raised his hat respectfully, and walked away toward his own house.

Soon after Mr. Cooper, hearing a waiter outside his door, inquired of him if that was the President.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter; "and there stands his mother."

"However, I took it," said Mr. Cooper, "as the best sermon on honoring one's parents that I had ever come across."—Exchange.



Capt. Weir, Fargo.



New Barracks at Fargo, N.D.

The True Grace of God.

By Lillian Mae Beech.

"This is the true grace of God wherein ye stand."—1 Peter v. 12.

The grace of God is a subject which, of all others, demands our most serious attention, as it is nothing less than the free, sovereign, and eternal favor of God towards poor sinners.

The man that possesses the true grace of God, and is living under its sacred influence, cannot be perfectly happy until cleansed from all pollution. He loves God as his Father, cleaves to Jesus as his friend, and views himself as a temple of the Holy Ghost. He depends on the Lord in his troubles, flies to Jesus from his foes, and pleads the free promise of his God.

Reader, have you been made a partaker of the true grace of God? Opinions in the head and grace in the heart are very different things; notions of grace are not operations of grace. Are you seeking grace? If so, Jehovah is set before you as a God of all grace (1 Peter v. 10). He is able to do abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us (Eph. iii. 20). Come, then, boldly to the throne of grace, pour out your heart that you may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need (Heb. iv. 16). You cannot mistake God's grace, for you may know it by this: it bringeth salvation, and teacheth to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts.

Reader, have you received salvation? Have you experienced a change of heart and a change of life? Nothing but a change of heart can bring God's grace, and only His grace can bring you to heaven, and it only brings those there who possess it.

To be in a graceless state is to be in a hopeless state, and to be in a hopeless state is to be in a most awful state.

You have now read of the true grace of God; you have been shown from God's Word what it does; you have been pointed once more to the throne where it is to be obtained. Oh, may the God of all grace call all who chance to read these lines to His eternal glory, by Christ Jesus; and after you have suffered awhile here below, take you to that perfect rest above!

To Him be all glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

"The serpent's brood increaseth,
The powers of hell wax bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is growing cold.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The sin, the curse, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again!"

SIN WILL COME OUT.

"He that covereth his sin shall not prosper."
—Prov. xxviii. 13.

Two incidents from recent Post Office investigations show what unexpected snares the wicked often find in their path.

A workman chased a rat into a hole, and found in the hole a number of registered letters addressed to prominent persons. The Post Office inspectors were at once notified, and within a few days two trusted Post Office employees were arrested for robbing the mails. The rat-hole was not far from their home, and they had never dreamed that the stolen letters they stuffed into it would ever be discovered.

A letter-carrier had stolen some letters and thrust them into his belt under his coat. It was a hot day, and he grew so warm that he loosened his belt for comfort. He had forgotten all about the stolen letters, which, of course, dropped on the floor. He was at once taken into custody, and made a full confession of his thefts.

It is one thing to see that a line is crooked, and another thing to be able to draw a straight one.



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GOD BE WITH YOU.

At last the day of parting has come. Eight years and a-half of fighting the same battles in the same field, under the leadership of one whose abilities and brilliant gifts are not greater than her sympathy and consideration for the least under her charge, have made the parting a wrench that has been felt keenly by ten thousand hearts. Miss Booth has left for her new command with the prayers and best wishes of the entire field, and her labors across the border will be followed with sympathetic interest by our readers. This change of appointments will further cement the friendship between the two nations. But in the Salvation Army we are all cosmopolitan.

WELCOME BACK.

In extending the welcome of this Territory to Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs we do so the more gladly since we welcome back into our midst our pioneer leaders who fought the early battles of the Army in the Dominion, and whose memory has been kept green. Recollections of blessed councils and pentecostal meetings of days of yore, backed by the triumphant record of fifteen years' service in Australia and Great Britain, raise our anticipation for a continuation of the progress and development of the work which has marked the career of Miss Booth. Our new leaders will find warm hearts to receive them, and ready hands to uphold them. From Newfoundland to Vancouver old friends will flock to the Commissioner's neeings to grasp his hands, for his spiritual progeny is scattered throughout the Provinces.

A thousand welcomes to Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs!

MAJOR AND MRS. STANYON FAREWELL.

Major and Mrs. Stanyon, the Training College Principals, also Staff-Captains Page, Welsh, and Griffith, farewelled from Canada for the United States of America at the Temple last Sunday afternoon. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin occupied the chair, and a large crowd attended this very impressive service. These privileged officers who are accompanying the Commissioner to her new command are held in the highest esteem at the Temple, and our regret at not being able to look forward to their visits any more cannot be expressed in words.

At night the Temple was packed, when Major and Mrs. Stanyon, assisted by the College Staff and Cadets, conducted a great salvation demonstration resulting in eleven seekers. The finances for the day were exceptionally gratifying.—W. C. A.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Off for Canada's Shores.

COMMISSIONER COOMBS RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT SEND-OFF AT LIVERPOOL—GREAT BRITAIN'S GREETINGS.

(By Cable.)

Commissioner Coombs just finished triumphantly his eight and a-half years' command of British forces with a magnificent farewell at Liverpool in St. George's Hall. Rousing representative procession through the city with war chariot and guard of honor; splendid overflowing crowd addressed by representatives of all branches, testifying to the brilliant record of blood-and-fire victories. Glorious finish; at penitent form thirty souls surrendered. Sixteen volunteered for officership. General's and Chief's messages of confidence roused the whole audience to volleys. Provincial Commanders, Divisional Officers, and soldiers gave a last farewell greeting at the mouth of Mersey. Crowded steamers with songs and brass band accompaniment expressed the nation's tribute in volleys and sang "God be with you till we meet again." We congratulate Field Commissioner Miss Booth on splendid record in Canada, and send warm salvation love with our faithful leader, his dear wife, and family, whom we devotedly love. Great Britain greets Canada with love.

Colonel Hay, Chief Secretary.



The two daughters of Commissioner Coombs, who are just completing their training, and youngest son, will accompany our new leader and Mrs. Coombs to Canada, their eldest boy remaining at International Headquarters in London, Eng.

The Temple Band, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16th, gave a musical program to the inmates of the Toronto Asylum. For several years, about this time of the year, an Army band has visited this institution under the direction of Staff-Capt. H. Morris, for the purpose of giving pleasure to the poor sufferers there incarcerated. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin has always presided over these gatherings.

Miss Brooking and Miss Naylor, both of whom worked on the Territorial Headquarters for some years, have left Toronto for China, where they go as nurses and missionaries. We wish them God speed.

Staff-Capt. Attwell received a cable recently containing the sad news that his father had suddenly died at his home in Bristol, England.

Brigadier Smeeton, in his farewell manifesto, gives the following interesting information: Twenty-one recognized Government schools and seven private schools are in working order. Proper desks, maps, and school supplies are being used in most cases. There are twenty 3rd grade teachers and three and grade teachers, a total of twenty-three. Government money received by the Salvation Army amounts to \$5,629.61 per year, with every prospect of an increase of something like an additional \$2,000.00 next year. Our Men's Social, and our Women's Social Work in Newfoundland is in good standing and doing a noble work. The Rescue Home, on Cook Street, is being considerably enlarged and when finished will be a splendid Home. The Government have shown their appreciation by making a grant of \$450.00 per year to the Women's Social and \$300.00 per year to the Men's Social; a total of \$650.00.

Ensign Gillam is spending a couple of weeks in Toronto on furlough, prior to proceeding to Montreal.

Staff-Capt. G. Miller has left for Montreal to take initial steps in the alterations of the property recently acquired by the Army in that city.

[Bro. Andrews, a staunch and well-tried soldier at Aurora, who has fought well for many years, was joined in matrimony to Ensign

Clink, by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, on Nov. 9th. We wish them well.

Major and Mrs. Stanyon have received their farewell orders, and expect their new appointment will be in the United States.

The Songsters, numbering about twenty, are becoming of excellent service to the Temple corps.

Commissioner Coombs' Farewell to the Metropolis.

(Continued from page 5.)

A Heart-Stirring Speech.

This is how the Daily Chronicle described the meeting at the moment when the Commissioner stood up to say good-bye:

"When Commissioner Coombs himself—who is, by the way, one of the handsomest men in the Army—stood up to bid farewell—and his family with him—the shout was almost deafening. His speech was singularly touching in parts, not least when the Commissioner told how he and his sons and daughters had, a day or two before, screwed a brass tablet into the exact spot (in Wellingborough) where he had found salvation."

It was indeed a stirring address in which the British Commissioner bade farewell on behalf of himself, Mrs. Coombs, and his family. He was profoundly grateful for the expressions of love and confidence that had been uttered that night, and he thanked all ranks for their loyal support during his period of command, which had made his stay in Great Britain happy, useful, and successful. When he came he found a true, hot Salvation Army. He then paid a grateful tribute to the work of his predecessors in the command; and rejoiced that he was leaving the Army of the British Field better and stronger than at any period of its history. He was glad to obey the orders of his General and go back to Canada, and in tones full of human feeling said that some of their children were born there and in that land they had left their dead.

In a moving conclusion he left last words with the different classes that composed his audience, and swept with all his accustomed fervor into a blazing, red-hot prayer meeting, which resulted in fifteen souls coming out to the mercy seat for salvation, and thirty young men and women laying themselves upon the altar for officership in the Salvation Army. Hallelujah!

The Russian Government reaps a revenue from the liquor traffic amounting to \$358,000,000 a year; the United States, \$178,000,000; Great Britain, \$163,000,000 and France, \$100,000,000. These figures are the great bulwarks behind which the inhuman traffic entrenches itself.



The War.

The expected battle not yet begun, although continued cannonade be forces almost every day. In some places, firing has been extensive, entirely heavy guns are pieces are altogether of the protection offered by their deep trenches during the attack. In some places, trenches within a thousand feet of the front. Whenever an attack very likely develop into a battle of attrition, than that of Liao-Yan.

At Port Arthur the garrison is slowly retreating, and intends to retire to the forts on the peninsula. The suffering of the troops is due to lack of supplies, which in some cases, General Steiner sent a message to the Japanese that he can hold out for a few days longer, but that he can hold out no longer. One reached the Japanese. Two boats were captured.

There seems a laudable part of Japan towards Russia appears determined to finish.

Canadian Clippings.

Fourteen miners lost their lives in an explosion of coal gas in the Bonado Mines, ten miles from Toronto, last night. All the bodies have been recovered.

A daring attempt was made to break the liberty of the Kingston Penitentiary. They secured the escape of several prisoners, and escaped, but were recaptured again.

A sad accident marked the day in Toronto, when a man was killed by a street car, demolishing his legs, and injuring four others, and injuring four others, and injuring four others.

The police tax of \$500,000 a year in Canada went into effect last night, and so far not a single person has paid this high rate this year. The entry fee for being carried through the city, and escaped from the city.

A terrible explosion at the Ilton Powder Company's Mills, Quebec. The explosion killed George Hertford, a man of 40, and a woman, and in running to save the lives of the others, he was killed.

A nurse girl named Mary, who was knocked down on the street in Montreal, and killed. Fred Bouillon, proprietor of the Hotel, the girl had been in running to save the lives of the others, she feared for the lives of the others.

Across the Border.

Six thousand garment makers at Chicago, in twenty walk-out of 450 cutters, and 1000 tailors. The Association of Tailors' Association notice on its employees.



The War.

The expected battle on the Sha River has not yet begun, although there has been a continued cannonade between the contending forces almost every day, and some days the firing has been extensive and rapid. Almost entirely heavy guns are used, as the lighter pieces are altogether ineffectual on account of the protection offered to the soldiers in their deep trenches dug out in the mountain-side. In some places the two armies are entrenched within a thousand feet of each other. Whenever an attack in force occurs it will very likely develop into a battle greater even than that of Liao-Yang.

At Port Arthur the Japanese forces are gaining ground at tremendous sacrifices. The garrison is slowly retreating from fort to fort and intends to retire for its final stand into the forts on the peninsula known as Tiger's Tail. The suffering of the wounded is excruciating owing to the scarcity of medical supplies, which in some lines are entirely exhausted. General Stoessel is said to have sent a message to the Czar informing him that he can hold out until March. Several torpedo boats have attempted to run the blockade. One reached Chefoo, where it was blown up by its crew after reaching the harbor. This was done to escape capture by the Japanese. Two boats are reported to have been captured.

There seems a laudable disposition on the part of Japan towards an honorable peace, but Russia appears determined to fight to a finish.

Canadian Clippings.

Fourteen miners lost their lives by an explosion of coal gas in No. 1 mine of the Carbonado Mines, ten miles west of Fernie, B.C. All the bodies have been recovered.

A daring attempt was made by four inmates of the Kingston Penitentiary to gain their liberty. They secured the guns of two guards and escaped, but were soon afterwards captured again.

A sad accident marked Thanksgiving Day in Toronto, when a freight train crashed into a street car, demolishing it, killing three persons, and injuring fourteen others. It was marvellous that all were not killed.

The poli tax of \$500 on Chinese entering Canada went into effect on the 1st of January last, and so far not a single Celestial has paid this high rate this year. The C.P.R. have paid the entry fee for two Chinese who were being carried through the country in bond and escaped from the railway company's custody.

A terrible explosion took place at the Hamilton Powder Company's mills, at Windsor Mills, Quebec. The press exploded, killing George Hertford, a married man, and Joshua Witty. The report was heard fifteen miles away.

A nurse girl named Sarah Paquet was knocked down on the Cote St. Antoine Road, Montreal, and killed by a horse driven by Fred Bouillon, proprietor of the St. James' Hotel. The girl had charge of a small boy, and in running to save him met the same fate she feared for the boy. She lived at 499 Claremont Ave.

Across the Border.

Six thousand garment workers are on strike at Chicago, in twenty factories, following a walk-out of 450 cutters. The National Wholesale Tailors' Association recently served notice on its employers who belong to the

Special Order Clothing Workers that when the agreement with the union expired next March no more contracts would be entered into except with individuals. This ultimatum was the cause of the strike.

Smothered before they could reach the rear fire escape in a burning tenement building on Troutman Street, Brooklyn, twelve persons met their death.

Four men employed in the plant of the Dover, Rockaway & Oram Gas Company at East Dover, N.J., were asphyxiated in the meter-room of the company. The accident was caused by a broken valve in the drip pipe under the floor of the meter-room.

Clement I Clark is dead and three others are seriously injured as a result of a fire which has destroyed the tar plant of the Denver Gas & Electric Company. The property loss is estimated at \$25,000. The fire was caused by spontaneous combustion among the oil and paints in the paint department.

Several thousand miners are now on strike in the Kanawha coalfields, West Virginia, and about seventy-five mines are tied up.

Here and There.

Robbers obtained \$30,000 from the ticket wagon of the Forepaugh-Sells circus, which, at Tarboro, N.C., was about to pay off its hands for the winter.

A fierce storm swept the Newfoundland coast recently, doing much damage at the fishing stations. Owing to the fact that most of the vessels have ceased fishing, the casualties are not likely to be large.

The Labrador mail boat Virginia reports that the winter is severe in that region. All fishing operations are ended, and the fisher folk have left the coast. The land is covered with from three to six feet of snow, and an ice-pack is driving south from Baffin's Bay.

At a riot at Warsaw the troops were called out. It is stated that ten persons, including two policemen, were killed, and thirty-one wounded.

At Kharkoff, capital of the Government of that name, a bomb was exploded at the base of the memorial to the poet Pushkin, which was damaged. Several windows were smashed.

Russia's Awakening.

The ascension of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky to the post of Minister of the Interior has certainly marked a new era for Russia, and it is to be hoped that the remarkable beginning he has made may be the dawn of a new epoch of history for that country. Recently the Prince invited the Zemstvos, or rural councils, whom he had granted a more liberal exercise of their functions, to send representatives to St. Petersburg, to assemble there with the avowed purpose of presenting to Emperor Nicholas, through Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, a truthful picture of the internal conditions of Russia, coupled with recommendations pointing out in plain terms the necessity for calling a legally empowered constituent assembly to have a direct voice in the Government. The word "constitution," however, will be carefully avoided.

Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky informed the representatives that although official sanction was declined, they could meet privately, police protection being guaranteed. Moreover, he himself at once drafted a law for submission to the Council of the Empire, authorizing the Zemstvos to elect delegates to sit in a consultative body in connection with the Department of Rural Affairs of his Ministry.

This law will be immediately promulgated in order that the Zemstvos at their approaching meetings in December may choose representatives.

Their program has a negative and a positive side. The first consists in the form of a memorandum in which they will attempt to show that the existing conditions of the Empire, with constant unrest and disturbance, resulting in an increase in the revolutionary propaganda, cannot continue. The course of Russian history will be traced to show the ebb and flow of Liberalism, and it will be contended that the Liberal tendency of the Government, which began in the reign of Alexander II., was really checked after the Polish insurrection, and only briefly revived in the days of Boris-Melikoff.

The positive memorandum will recommend the calling of a Constituent Assembly as the best means of securing a legal expression of the views of the nation.

At the meeting seven of the ten articles composing the proposed memorandum were adopted. These sections declare that the "abnormal conditions in Russia are the result of the complete estrangement of the Government and people, due to the absence of essential, requisite mutual confidence."

These sections also declare that the conditions necessitate freedom of conscience, speech, and press, and the privilege of meeting in union, and assert that the peasants must be placed on an equality with the other classes.

The Miners' Union President.

There is considerable speculation among the miners as to whether John Mitchell will consent to a re-election as President. From a source that is trustworthy it is learned that during the last three months President Roosevelt, who is a great friend and admirer of Mitchell, spoke to him regarding his appointment as Labor Commissioner, or as the Secretary of the Bureau of Commerce and Labor, and that Mr. Mitchell then said that he would give the matter consideration after he had severed his connection with the United Mine Workers.

A Strange Sect Exiled.

Eighty-three peasants, of all ages and sexes, have been tried at Riazan, Russia, for belonging to the Skoptsi sect, the main tenet of which is the extinction of the human race. The result of the trial, which took place behind closed doors, was that the jury acquitted eighteen minors, and the remainder of the accused were sentenced to the loss of civil rights and to be exiled.

Sold Bibles too Cheap.

The British Embassy at Constantinople has joined the American Legation in insisting on the cessation of interference with the sales of Bibles in certain localities. It appears that the British and Foreign Bible Society has had trouble at Uskyp. The Porte says the reason for the opposition is that the "Bibles are being sold at a ridiculously low price, and the sales partake of the character of a propaganda."

Macedonian Distress.

The American Board of Missions received a cablegram from Constantinople announcing that the people of the vicinity of Adrianople, in Macedonia, are suffering terrible distress, death by freezing and starvation staring them in the face. At the time of the disturbance last year, from 12,000 to 20,000 fled from Adrianople to Bulgaria. The population of many Turkish villages also fled to other parts of Turkey.

The people have returned to find their homes in ruins, and nothing remaining but bare land.

Rev. Dr. Geo. D. Marsh, the missionary in charge of the relief work, has supplied them with tools with which to rebuild their ruined homes and to till the soil. There can be no hope for further crops until next summer. Many will have to be fed during the winter to keep them from starving.

FIELD BULLETINS

The North-West.

FARGO'S NEW BARRACKS

Opened by Major Burditt, Assisted by Adj. and Mrs. Alward, of Winnipeg; Adj. and Mrs. Staiger, Moorhead; Ensign Downey and Capt. Matheson, Grand Forks; Adj. Wakefield and Capt. Harkirk and Winnipeg Bandmen.

This was a memorable time for the faithful soldiers of Fargo, who have fought so bravely for Jesus, and have worked faithfully in order to have a barracks of their own. When they saw the building completed, and inspected it from cellar to garret, they, as well as others, pronounced it "Grand."

Sunday, 10.15 a.m., was the time appointed to start the opening ceremonies. An open-air meeting was held at which a very attentive and interesting crowd gathered. Adj. Alward led, and evidently got a good hold of the people, for when he asked for an offering they gave nearly \$11 in a very few minutes. We marched to the barracks, when Major Burditt officially opened it. In this meeting the building was consecrated to God and for His work in that city.

In the afternoon meeting Rev. Mr. Day, Rev. Mr. Dickenson, and Mr. Allen, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., spoke of the work of the Army, and of the efforts put forth by the devoted officers and soldiers, and congratulated them upon securing such a fine building.

A large crowd gathered in front of the Waldorf Hotel at 7.15 for the open-air meeting, which was led by Adj. Alward and the visiting officers. An offering of \$35 was given at this meeting, which will speak of the interest of the people present. The barracks was crowded at the first "Battle for Souls" led by the Major. It was a wonderful meeting. The Major was at his best, and we did rejoice at the close to see eight precious souls at the cross.

On Monday an open-air meeting was held previous to the magnificent and tempting dinner, which was served in the small hall of the barracks, at which were seen to sit down the best of Fargo's citizens.

At 8 o'clock Major W. took the chair, who spoke very highly of the Army and the work they were doing. He then called on several ministers to address the meeting, and also upon the visiting officers to sing. Rev. Mr. Leonard (Methodist) was appointed financier of the evening, and he did his part most creditably, and you will agree with us when we tell you that the offering amounted to \$250.00. Ensign Gillan then spoke and thanked the people of Fargo for their practical assistance with the building, especially Mr. Olsen, who not only gave his money so generously, but gave his time every morning for several weeks in collecting for the barracks. The Ensign said had it not been for Mr. Olsen they would not have been able to have built the barracks.

One cannot pay so much of the building, but it can be said truthfully it is a credit to the Army and City of Fargo.

Ensign and Mrs. Gillam, Capt. Weir, and the soldiers deserve great credit for the way they have worked, and we all do pray that in return for what they have done, God will use the building as a refuge into which many will come to find Him and His great salvation.

Several bandmen from Winnipeg came down for the opening, and their services were greatly appreciated by all. When leaving on Tuesday morning we all felt grateful that we had an opportunity of attending these grand meetings, and we were assured that it was only the beginning of a grand and permanent work which will be done in Fargo.—H. C. H.

Dry Bones Beginning to Live.

Calgary, Alta.—Grand welcome meeting to Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Ayre on Friday night, band to the front. Meetings all day Sunday were deeply spiritual. Two out for salvation at night. The soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night was simply grand. We feel that we have indeed a spiritual adviser, one who, with his dear wife, will lead us on to victory, as the dry bones are already beginning to live.—May Jackson.

Bioscope a Grand Success.

Valley City, N.D.—Adj. Wakefield and Capt. Parker have been with us and given the Bioscope Exhibition of the Great International Congress, which was an eye-opener to those present and was well enjoyed by all. A good impression was made on the hearts of the people, and they learned of the extensive work being done by the Army. The bioscope service was a decided success. Come again, Adjutant—Lieut. A. G.

A Good Time.

Bismarck, N.D.—Though only three weeks have passed since coming to Bismarck, we can report victory through the blood of Jesus. We have not had the joy of seeing souls saved, but there has been much conviction among our crowds, which are constantly increasing, as are our finances. Our faith

looks up to God for victory during the coming weeks. We have just had a visit from that wonderful man, Ensign Mercer, who gave us a stereopticon service. "Ten nights in a bar-room," which was a success in every sense of the word, both in crowds and finances. At the close of the service many expressed themselves as delighted with it. We had announced the Ensign's meeting for some time as being on the 1st of November. When the day arrived, lo! the train which should have brought him at 12.30 never pulled in till past 6.30 p.m., seeming to us as if it were trying to be like the poet, "Till there would always abide"—on the train (twixt here and Fargo). However, he came and had a successful meeting, leaving us the same night for Jamestown—Sorel Top.

Believing.

Great Falls, Mont.—God is still with us. Ensign and Mrs. Dowell are the officers in charge of Great Falls. We are believing for greater victory in the near future.—M. Shue, Lieut.

A Wife-Deserter Converted.

Moose Jaw, N.W.T.—Our troops, though much weakened by departures for other parts of the battle-field, are still advancing, under the leadership of Capt. Hanson and Lieut. Erick. Good crowds of all sorts and conditions of men watching and eagerly listening to our open-air engagements. One dear fellow stopped the writer at 7.15 in the morning and told him he had been in agony of soul all night long, and said he should have yielded all to God in the barracks the night previous. Asked if he was willing



Ensign and Mrs. Gillam, Who successfully pioneered the Fargo Building Scheme.

to surrender his all at once, he replied, "Yes." The writer marches him off to the barracks, goes to the quarters for the officers, and before eight o'clock he is prayed into the Kingdom. Thank God for an up-to-date salvation. Our new comrade has since told us how he deserted his wife and family down East, coming on by easy stages to Moose Jaw, where he had spent ninety dollars in four days on the cursed drink. Arrested by our soldiering in the open-air outside the Brunswick Hotel, he followed to the barracks, and although personally dealt with, he refused to yield, but came to God the following morning, as stated above. Our comrade testifies to the effect that he believes God has, for Christ's sake, forgiven him the black past, and, like the prodigal of old, when he arose and went to his Father he received the kiss of reconciliation. He has since written to his poor wife informing her of his whereabouts. Reinforcements in the form of "Mother" Fuller, from Leithbridge, and Capt. Hanson, from Ontario, have arrived here, and these two comrades have been the means, in God's hands, of much blessing to us. "Mother" bombarded a man at the end of the meeting, and very soon the dear fellow, who proved to be a deserter from the cause of Christ, laid down his puny arms of rebellion and sought God's pardon. God very soon answered his petition and set him at liberty, and this comrade testifies to the open-air and inside meetings of God's wonderful power to save and keep. Glory to God! Hallelujah! Sunday was a time of great power, and God came very near us. Hallelujah meeting, grand, one of the "old-time power" kind. God tried the reins, and one comrade came out boldly for more power, while the remainder re-consecrated themselves to God and the war. Free-and-easy in the afternoon proved to be a good time, comrades realizing that those made free in Jesus are free indeed. Night time, grand rally.—C. W. M. G.

Pacific Coast News.

Welcome to New Officers.

Helena, Mont.—We are glad to report victory in our midst. We are still fighting the devil in every corner of the city. We were glad to welcome our D. O. Adj. and Mrs. Dowell. We have hard work to get the people into our barracks in these election days, but we have grand times in the open-air.—Sergeant-Major J. Peterson.

Crowds Larger Than Ever.

Spokane.—The winter campaign has attained its real old-time fashion. Monday night we had a real God-inspiring time, and at the close of the service five precious souls yielded their way to the miter and asked the dear Lord to save and keep them. Tuesday night's (soldiers') meeting was an inspiring one, and we left the Army hall more determined than ever to go ahead and do our very best for the perishing souls around us. Wednesday night Captain Shanley gave a lantern service entitled "Biddy," illustrating how a dear soul in spiritual darkness, on receiving the blessed light of God's salvation, showed her devotion to the Saviour by letting her light shine. May the Lord send along more "Biddies." Thursday evening Adj. Blote gave a very interesting account of some of his early Army experiences. At the close of the service a dear man testified of the sinful life he had led, and promised, by God's help, to live the life of a Christian. Saturday night a backslidden preacher, having found the devil's service an unprofitable one, cried to God to take him into His fold again. Hallelujah! Sunday we had a glorious day. Crowds at indoors and at open-air services larger than ever. After a real blood-and-fire service the night meeting closed with four souls at the penitential form—a dear man and three juniors. Three dear men asked an interest in our prayers.—Old Joe.

Gave Himself up to the Authorities.

Butte.—Butte's all right. Things move swift at Butte. We had been here scarcely a week when someone must have thought that S. A. goods were public property, and a box of books disappeared off our verandah. Mrs. Wilkins and myself were just getting over an attack of la grippe (that moves swift, too), but I got out of bed at 11 p.m. and played detective about an hour, when I located the box and got it home. Well, election day is here and we have a meeting (O.A.) at 3 p.m. Saloons are closed, and it is the only opportunity in four years to get at some people. One poor fellow prayed the other night for salvation and got it. Then he went to the Chief of Police and gave himself up for falsifying accounts in the East. He had been dodging jailer in St. Louis, Chicago, and other places, but always was worried by his conscience. Now it is all over. He looks very happy behind the bars, with two years imprisonment ahead of him (probably). But his conscience is at rest. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you about our locals. They are among the best in the West. The Sergeant-Major has been leaving his self horse on the street, assisted by his little wife, and the Treasurer has been keeping things together financially. And she can do it, too. (If there are any treasure-seekers who want a tip-up as to how to finance a corps, just write to Treasurer Noble, of Butte.) And then Sergeant-Major, she undertook to look after a lot of War Cry, and when the grippe let us up to meeting again, so far as we could see, things had not suffered one bit, only via. And then the other comrades plied in and the old chariot went rolling along merrily. I like Butte; it is a "Beaute." Good-bye. More next time.—A. Wilkins.

The Klondike.

Not Frozen Yet.

Dawson.—Praise the Lord, we are not frozen up yet in this northern country. We started yesterday morning with a rousing knee-drill, the first one for a long time. God came very near us and blessed our souls. In the afternoon we had the joy of welcoming a poor backslider home, and at the close of the night service another man wept his way to the feet of Jesus. Our faith runs high for this coming winter. We mean to make a great raid on the devil's Kingdom. Don't forget to pray for us.—Yours in the war, Maude Peace, Capt.

Hard Fighting, but Three Souls.

Skagway, Alaska.—We have had with us Captain and Mrs. Sainsbury for some time. Good meetings, and the Spirit of the Lord has been manifest. Our audiences are very small, but for all that we have reason to give thanks unto God for His tender mercies and loving kindness in permitting us to bring three souls to His feet. A lady 69 years of age recently gave her heart to God. Another on Monday night got saved, who came from Dawson. Praise the Lord.—M. Sproull.

With the I

Said the Editor would be, but a would you like 4 pictures of the C the Indian Missk My story is to thing." Forthwith Capt. Parker an Lantern Departm ourselves with of rheostats, and I b The first stop Captain was anti price too high; b marvelous things gling with the len thought he would "Ugh, there's t savagely.

"We greeted him Brother?" we repl "Oh, pretty we "How are you I "Oh, not very and he said, "No. "Will you be h "No, I don't th A moment later Just the same, an Aurora came on In a huster, and s sult, and well rep experience with Ce struggled with ga Gravenhurst was likewise, when t respectively, were audiences.

The crowd at the North Bay except the stifling heat r Home like a birdne feels hot to think delighted beyond forward to a retur The next day, very, yes, very. I amera! Opera Baggageman at No containing films and platform. We had one thousand feet with us on the sur began to boom the Capt. Parker, then rheostat out of a The people crowded beyond measure at The two words at both a great v ent at both meeti they were more th knew more about than they could ha A boat trip follo how we suffered d our good ship fro waves.

Fort William was because there our again got the enrr it was chilly; the shivered in our sh Port Arthur, whe quarter. But no founded on the on the upper cou ease and through t officer. But he es Herculean strengt the house and rec In we marched such bears alway We all turned ou which we claim to it, but otherwise standard. We wen in came Capt. Iwri surprised to find had only arrived a say little about th was one with us in and Capt. DeBow and bills; and deo meeting was a goo ary all day. Mon was very large, an Shall we ever forg

Fort William, in night, was a l. I received a shock w telegraph boy had never delivered ou endless dimity. nevertheless, as where the farcat by the S. A. chere Winnipeg was J and Monday. The people, and the h moving pictures w Burditt traced th day high.

Grand Forks di and the school-roo Fargo was left

With the Bioscope in the West.

Said the Editor-in-Chief, with a face serious as could be, but a meaning twinkle in his eye, "How would you like to take a trip West with moving pictures of the Congress, to get a little money for the Indian Missions. Consider it over."

My story is to be told briefly, so I said, "Anything." Forthwith, with a couple of other celebrities, Capt. Parker and DeBow, we were attached to the Lantern Department and at once began to acquaint ourselves with wires, and amperes, and carbons, and rheostats, and I know not what.

The first stop was near by—Newmarket. The Captain was smiling and hopeful, but thought the price too high; but it wasn't, just the same, for the marvelous things we had to offer. We were struggling with the lantern when Brother Discouragement thought he would look in at us.

"Ugh, that's the lantern, it is!" he said rather savagely.

We greeted him right royally. "How are y. u. Brother?" we replied.

"Oh, pretty well," he drawled out.

"How are you getting on with the tickets?"

"Oh, not very well. I asked a man to buy one, and he said, 'No.'"

"Will you be here to-night?"

"No, I don't think so."

A moment later he was gone. But a crowd came just the same, and our expectations were realized. Aurora came out distinctly on top. Capt. Lamb is a hustler, and a large sum of money was the result, and well repaid us for that wheel-barrow experience when Capt. DeBow and Staff-Capt. Morris struggled with gas tanks and huge boxes.

Gravenhurst was all that could be desired. Barrie likewise, when the Opera House and Town Hall, respectively, were well filled with most appreciative audiences.

The crowd at little Burlington was excellent, and North Bay exceptionally good. Shall we ever forget the stifling heat as the people crowded the Opera House like sardines on Monday night? Phew! One feels hot to think about it; but the people were delighted beyond measure and are looking eagerly forward to a return visit to the bioscope.

The next day, Tuesday, was an eventful one—very, yes, very. I emphasize the word. Sudbury, no officers! Opera House engaged—twenty dollars. Baggage man at North Bay deliberately left our trunk containing films and electrical supplies on the station platform. We had the machine sink and about one thousand feet of pictures. Capt. Crocker landed with us on the same train, and, like a true hero, began to boom the night's meeting with tickets, etc. Capt. Parker, the resourceful electrician, made a rheostat out of a wash tub, two flat-irons and salt. The people crowded the barracks and were delighted beyond measure after all.

The two wonderful Soos followed—a grand time at both. A great many of the leading citizens present at both meetings, who said unanimously that they were more than pleased with the service, and knew more about this wonderful Salvation Army than they could have imagined.

A boat trip followed to Port Arthur. Tell it while we suffer during those midnight hours while our good ship frolicked about on the tempestuous waves.

Port Williams was a sight that gladdened our eyes, because there our feet reached terra firma and we again got the correct balance of things. But, my! it was chilly; the wind blew, and our easterners shivered in their shoes. An electric car took us to Port Arthur, where we soon stormed the officers' quarters. But no sound came from within as we pounded on the knocker, and the third we made, on the rapier could be heard up and down the staircase and through the rooms trying to find for us the officer. But he came not, and Capt. DeBow, with Herculean strength, forced his way in at the foot of the house and received us gleefully at the foot.

In we marched like hungry bears—as hungry as such bears always are after they have been to sea. We all turned cooks and soon a dinner was ready, which we claim to be all right because we cooked it, but otherwise I am afraid it was far below the standard. We were ready to gobble it down when in came Capt. Irwin smiling upon us, and somewhat surprised to find things in such a condition. She had only arrived a couple of days before, and could say little about the prospects of our week-end, but was one with us in the battle. Staff-Capt. F. Morris and Capt. DeBow started out with a pan of paste and bills and decorated the town. The Saturday meeting was a good one and Sunday was extraordinary all day. Monday—oh, that Monday—the crowd was very large, and such delight and hand-clapping. Shall we ever forget it?

Port Williams in the Methodist Church, the next night, was A. 1. Then Rat Portage. Here we received a shock which nearly prostrated us. The telegraph boy had been negligent in his duties and never delivered our wire to the officer, thus making endless difficulty. But the barracks was well filled, nevertheless, as was Pearson's Hall at Selkirk, where the largest income was taken in ever known by the S. A. there.

Winthrop was just all right Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The crowds, the fiery spirit of the people, and the high appreciation for the Congress moving pictures were delightful to behold. Major Burditt graced the occasion with his presence Monday night.

Grand Forks did thirty dollars better than they were at. The local Methodist Church was crowded and the school-room brought into requisition.

Fargo was terrible. The people could not begin to

get into the new barracks, and was a sifting climax, with Moorhead the next night, to an eventful and highly gratifying tour, notwithstanding difficulties too numerous to mention.

Wherever these moving pictures have been shown they have amazed and pleased the people far beyond their greatest anticipations, and we bespeak for Staff-Capt. McLean, in the Eastern Province, and Adj. Wakefield, in the West, a hearty appreciation of their very excellent programs wherever they go.—Willie.

Central Ontario Sittings.

T. H. Corps War Notes.

Parliament St.—The holy war against sin and the devil is still raging at our corps, and a number of captives have been made from the enemy's ranks recently. On Sunday last we were re-inforced by Staff-Capt. Scarr, Capt. Webber, and the Women Cadets. The afternoon meeting was a bright interesting time. One brother said it was the happiest day he had ever spent; perhaps the fact that he had taken an important part in a very interesting event the evening before had something to do with his great happiness, although he was not the only one who looked happy; we saw sunshine reflected on a great many faces present. As the meeting was being drawn to a close one young man volunteered for salvation and got the assurance on the spot that his sins were forgiven. At night a nice crowd were present. Staff-Capt. Scarr made an earnest appeal to the sinners. Capt. Haggarty and his soldiers were strong in faith and prayer. The Cadets worked hard, and the meeting resulted in six souls crying to God for pardon. We felt we were amply rewarded.



Adj. and Mrs. Newman, Just Appointed to Barrie Corps

for the day's fight in the seven souls found at the foot of the cross. We are full of faith for even greater victories in the future.

Soldiers Get Sinners Saved in the Factory.

Burlington's soldiers are on fire here. We had with us Staff-Capt. McAnnamond with us last Tuesday. We were glad to see him. He enrolled six recruits to be blood-and-fire soldiers. The meeting ended with one soul seeking salvation. One more Saturday night and Sunday business meeting two more for a deeper experience. The fire of the Holy Ghost is here. Our officers are doing wonderful work. But we are sorry that the news is that they are going to leave us for some other field. We are trying to smother up the devil's ranks and make an increase in ours. Not only do we have good things at our meetings, but we have good times at our work; we have a prayer meeting every day at noon. In which two souls have been saved. We are still going at it harder than ever.—Sergeant Fletcher.

Four Souls.

Hamilton II.—We are still enjoying the smile of God. He has blessed us much and given us many victories. Sunday proved a time of great blessing. Meetings well attended. The Bible reading given by the Ensign at night brought conviction to many hearts.—S. B. M. R.

Six Souls.

Oshawa.—We had with us on Sunday Capt. Jones and Corps-Cadet Simpson, of Toronto, for the week-end. The weather was fine and good crowds gathered at the meetings all day. The people were delighted with the singing and playing of the Captain and Corps-Cadet, but best of all, six souls sought the Saviour in the night meeting. Oshawa corps is not dead, but living. We believe in the power of the Holy Ghost. The Captain gave three striking and effective Bible talks during the day. We are going to have the Jones Sisters, also Capt. Wainman and Corps-Cadet Simpson with us on Thanksgiving night

to give us a real musical treat. We are anticipating a wonderful time. More to follow.—Capt. Fiant.

A New Barracks.

Elkton.—We are still alive here. On Friday night we had a banquet. It was an enjoyable time. We had with us Adj. Sparks, also Capt. Moore and Capt. Ebsary. Forty-five dollars was raised towards our new barracks. Capt. Collins, who has been stationed here eleven months, said good-bye on Sunday night. The Captain proved himself a good worker. Through him we have got a nice comfortable barracks.—A Soldier.

West Ontario News.

The Soldiers Promise to Help.

We are glad to welcome to the Aylmer corps Capt. E. Stevens. We believe she has come to win souls. Although without a helper, such as a Lieutenant, the Captain can rely on help here from the soldiers.—Sec. A. W. Kappelm.

A Good Sunday.

St. Thomas. Wonderful week-end. Sunday morning, 10 a.m., beautiful open-air service. 11 a.m., consecration service, much enjoyed by all. Afternoon, bright free-and-easy time, the drummer singing very effectively. "Home once more," and relating a little about the Army's early days, much enjoyed by all. Everybody jumping, shouting, and praising God. Night, bombardment of the devil's kingdom. 7 p.m., first shots fired in the open-air. Testimonies full of power. Everybody praying. 8 p.m. finds us inside the fire still burning. God's power very much felt in our midst. 9.35 finds the Ensign again to the fore, firing the Gospel shots for all he was worth, while the soldiers were praying. Keep your eye on this spot. We are still rising. We have just had three new arrivals from the Old Country—Brothers Bridle and Sinclair, late of England, and Sister Mrs. Buchanan, from the famous Towhead corps, Glasgow, bonnie Scotland.—Strain, War Correspondent.

Secured a Hall at Last.

Galt.—We have at last secured a hall to hold our meetings in. Praise God. We have had two months' hard fighting in the open-air, but God wonderfully upheld and blessed and gave us souls. Now as we have a hall we are believing for greater victories. We held the opening services Saturday and Sunday, and rejoiced over three souls seeking Christ. We gave God the glory and fight on.—B. W. T.

Eastern Breezes.

MOVING PICTURES IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Staff-Capt. McLean has been appointed to take charge of this branch of work as lecturer. The Staff-Captain is a man of exceptional abilities, and we believe is the right man in the right place. He is assisted by Capt. Ties, Urquhart (musician) and Ensign Hodges as operator. We certainly think that they make a very happy trio.

Gloucester.—This barracks was packed to the doors, and the people enjoyed themselves from start to finish, and many were heard to say as they passed out that it was worth \$100, and gave us a hearty invitation to return and give them another service.

Dominion is the place we are booked for to-night, and we anticipate a full and enthusiastic house. You can look out for favorable reports all along the line.—Dydmus.

The Captain Put Out.

Halifax IV.—The united welcome meeting of No. IV, to our new D. O. Adj. Wiggins, was the best in the history of the corps. A good march and lively open-air roused the devil. When we got to the hall a good crowd greeted us. Ensign Allan gave out the opening song, after which he introduced the Adjutant and we gave him a good volley, which made him feel at home. Adjutant then told the people Ensign Allan had a secret to tell. The Ensign told them it had a case to fit, and that the Captain would have to leave the meeting, being the first time I was ever put out, but when coming in I found about \$10 had been taken up to help us in our finances, and I was not sorry I had been put out. Thanks to the kind friends in the meeting. After a word of testimony from Sergeant Morgan Jones, Mills, Vennot, and officers from Dartmouth, No. I, and No. II, and Ensign Burgess read the letter. Adjutant read and pulled in the net with three bookbinders in it. Praise the dear Lord. We closed feeling it had been good to be there.—S. W. Daldin, Capt.

Still Alive.

Southampton, Ber.—Here we are again, not dead in sleeping, but fully alive in our responsibilities as co-workers with Christ in this salvation war, and determined to do our utmost for the salvation of souls. God is helping us wonderfully with our work, and although we are not seeing many souls saved, yet we believe great conviction is felt, and in God's own good time we shall see the results of our labors. We have got some of the St. George's boys in on a visit, and they are real blood-and-fire soldiers. We had the joy of seeing one dear military comrade start for heaven last Tuesday, and since then he has taken a bold stand for Christ. We are believing for still greater victories in the future.—C. Balfour, C.-C.



Lessons from the Fishermen.



"I will make you fishers of men."—Matt. iv. 19.

PETER and Andrew, to whom the above words were addressed by Christ, were strong, robust fishermen. They knew where and how to catch the best fish; in a word, they possessed a thorough knowledge of the art of fishing, as it was being carried on in Palestine during the days of our Lord.

I have heard people say that it did not require much brains to be a fisherman, but from careful observation I have found that he must possess a certain amount of intelligence and skill in order to make his vocation a success.

Yes, Peter and Andrew, and several others of the twelve, were intelligent and brave fishermen, and doubtless loved their vocation, with never a thought, it may be, of engaging in any other work; but Christ told them He would henceforth make them fishers of men: in other words, He would qualify them to lead men and women to a saving knowledge of the truth. And as they had displayed a high degree of courage and activity in going out on the rough and dangerous sea, and faithfully used their strength and skill in catching fish, so, now, they were to manifest as much, or even more, heroism and zeal, and use their best powers in catching precious souls wandering in the deep waters of sin and error. And we have but to read the subsequent career of these early disciples to learn how eminently Christ used them in the advancement of His Kingdom.

We are not as familiar with the methods of Oriental fishing as we are with those used in our own country, therefore let us follow our Canadian fisherman as he goes out cod-fishing with hook and line, and we see what lessons we may learn that will be of help to us in our endeavor, by the help of God, to become successful fishers of men.

There are several things in connection with fishing that must receive careful attention if the fisherman desires success.

The Fishing Tackle.

First, there is the fishing tackle, consisting of lines, hooks, sinkers, etc., etc. The lines used in catching cod require to be of a certain size and length, and of good quality. The hooks also must be of a certain size and shape, and, above all, must possess a very sharp point. A worn out hook with a blunt point is never used. The lead sinkers, which are attached to the end of the lines with the baited hooks, to sink them where the fish are, sometimes many fathoms deep, must also be of a certain form and weight. When they are too light the strong current of an prevailing will carry the lines in a diagonal position, and thereby prevent the bait from coming in contact with the fish.

I think we may learn from this that, as so much care is taken by the fisherman in providing himself with good lines, sharp hooks, etc., in order to catch fish, so we should be as careful in providing ourselves with the best means to win souls for God.

How often we go soul-fishing with old, worn-out lines and rusty, blunt hooks, and then we wonder, perhaps, that we catch no souls. How often it happens, too, that our lines are too short, so that we cannot reach those whom we desire to catch for Christ. We may not pay much attention to these small things, as we call them, but the successful fisherman overlooks none of them. If one kind of hook is not "lucky," in the fisherman's parlance, he tries another kind, and so on with every detail connected with his vocation. Why, then, should not we give as much, and even more, consideration to the best means of saving souls?

The Bait.

Then, there is the bait—a very important thing to the fisherman. The bait used to catch cod varies in kind according to the season, but whatever kind is used it must be fresh. It is not easy to catch fish on stale bait. Care is also taken to place the bait on

the hook in the most attractive manner, and when, as it often happens, the bait is removed without the fish being caught, more is at once placed on the hook, until finally the fish is caught and pulled up into the boat.

We learn from this that in soul-fishing the bait is not a matter of small importance. The bait that we sometimes use is so stale and unappetizing that it is no wonder that we do not meet with very much success. People will not accept salvation unless it is presented to them in all its freshness and attractiveness. I believe that one reason why so few people come to Christ to-day is because there is a lack of freshness and life attending the delivery of the message of salvation.

How often we hear the remark passed, "Oh, the preaching is so dull and stale!" And I venture to say there is a measure of truth in this. Let us, then, follow the example of our fisherman, and provide ourselves with good, fresh bait, obtained in communion with God and in the daily study of His Word, and we shall have success in catching unsaved souls.

As we continue to watch our fisherman, we notice that when he finds that the fish will not bite, he will let his lines go deeper, and often this will be rewarded by a bite, and soon a score or more of fine fish will be pulled up into the boat. If the fisherman would content himself to wait until the fish would feel inclined to come up to where the bait is, he would make a very poor catch; but he knows this through long experience, and therefore lengthens or shortens his lines so that the baited hooks will come in contact with the fish.

We may learn from this that in soul-fishing we must go where the sinners are, and not content ourselves to wait until they feel inclined to come to us.

Find a Way.

If we cannot reach men and women by the regular preaching of the Gospel in our churches and Army halls, then we must go down on the streets, down in the dark and filthy slums, down in the liquor saloons, down in the jails, down in the houses of vice—down, down everywhere, in order to reach them and win their hearts to God. And as the fisherman generally catches the largest fish at the greatest depth, so we often make our best captures for God when we go down to reach those who have sunk to the lowest depth.

I wish to say just here that of all the religious organizations existing to-day, the Salvation Army is conspicuously to the front in possessing officers and soldiers who constantly go down on the streets, into saloons, jails, and everywhere, in order to reach poor, sinful individuals who otherwise would never be saved.

But to return to our fisherman. We further notice that not only must he use caution and judgment in getting the fish to bite, but also in pulling them up into the boat after they have taken the hook.

When a large fish has been caught, the fisherman has to use great care in pulling in his line, for otherwise the fish often escapes before it is brought to the surface.

The line must be pulled in very slowly and carefully, often requiring some time and patience, but when this is done the fish is soon safely landed into the boat.

Now, there are many soul-fishers who know nothing about this.

Once a sinner shows signs of accepting Christ, and in some instances almost into the Kingdom, he is dealt with in such a manner that often he escapes and goes back to the world, and let me say this, that when such a soul gets away again into the dark sea of sin, it will require a more powerful effort to catch him a second time.

I fear that many precious souls are thus lost to the churches, lost to the Salvation

Army, and lost to Christ, by some of the fishers not knowing their business thoroughly.

Endure Hardships.

We are also forcibly impressed with the fact that our fisherman is not afraid of hardship and toil. In the morning he starts out in his fishing-craft, often before daylight, sometimes in the face of a strong wind and rough sea. When it is calm and he cannot use the sails, he takes the oars and rows vigorously often for many miles, until he reaches the fishing-grounds. Then he lets down the anchor, baits his hooks, throws out his lines, and begins to fish, often continuing until evening, when he returns home with the day's catch. This means more labor, more hardship, more danger, and more self-denial than the on-looker has any idea of; but the fisherman endures all these things in his eagerness to catch fish, which is often his only means of livelihood.

Many people would like to go soul-fishing if the work did not involve so much hard labor and self-denial. Some would like to become missionaries and go and preach Christ to the heathen, but they are not prepared to endure the ceaseless toil and hardship incident to a missionary life. Others, it may be, would like to become soul-fishers in the Salvation Army, where there are better opportunities to capture sinners than anywhere else, but they are afraid of the labor, afraid of the persecution, afraid of the self-denial, afraid of the uniform and afraid of a thousand and one things, hence they never become soul-fishers.

Why is it to-day that we have so few men and women comparatively engaged in the noble work of saving souls? Why is it that Christian people will depreciate their abilities and offer all manner of excuses when they are asked to do something for Christ? Is it not because they are unwilling and unprepared to meet the conditions which the work would necessarily involve? If God has called us to be soul-fishers, whether in the Salvation Army or elsewhere, let us respond immediately, and with His help and power, endure all the toil, all the fatigue, all the self-denial, all the persecution, in order that we may rescue precious souls.

Don't Get Weary.

We also observe, as we take another look at our fisherman that when he catches no fish, he will sometimes leave his lines in the water, lie down in his boat, and go to sleep for a little while. He has risen early in the morning, and feels tired and somewhat sleepy, and as he is catching no fish, he thinks he will have a nap. Who would think to blame him? But while he is fishing the fish come around again and begin to bite; but if any do get caught they often get free again, for there is no hand to pull up the line—the fisherman is asleep. In a short time every particle of bait has disappeared from the hooks; then the fish leave the spot and go where there is other bait.

Can this apply to the soul-fishers? Yes. When there is a season in the churches or in the Army when few or no souls are being saved, does it not sometimes happen that the fishers will grow a little sleepy, and, in some instances, go to sleep altogether? In other words, do they not often grow a little cold and less active in the Master's service, do a little more resting and a little less praying, allow themselves to become less concerned about the unsaved around them, and, as a consequence, fall into a state of spiritual lethargy, from which it is sometimes hard to arouse them?

But while they have allowed themselves to fall into this God-dishonoring state, and, as a consequence, neglected their work, many precious souls, it may be, have been left to perish in the dark sea of sin that might have been captured and saved.

Though few or no souls may be getting converted, and the attendance at our salvation meetings is often small, though we may sometimes feel a little discouraged and weary, though our efforts to reach the unsaved may appear fruitless, in spite of all this, let us

keep awake to a sense of our inability; keep awake while sin is on the brink of eternal death. Keep awake! And us by giving us souls.

Not Self-Made.

As we now leave our fisherman and the words of Christ, "I will make you fishers of men," we learn that God is not self-made but Christ.

Many people to-day en themselves fishers of men in the best educational institution acquiring an ample store of education alone, although by no means to be despised, men and women into success. Others try, by various means themselves for this great end of which may be good in unless God fills the heart with for unsaved souls, and best gift of His Holy Spirit, giving power to the individual, all tions will be worthless. This day that out of so many so-c are so few fish caught for C

We hear very much said day in commendation of self who have risen from the ordi to fame and fortune. But that men who have accomplished the most good for humanity, the men who have brought more peace and sunshine into dark and cheerless homes, the men who have distinguished themselves as soul-fishers and have been instrumental in capturing thousands of unsaved souls and leading them to Christ, have not simply been self-made men in the common sense of the term, but men, and women, too, whom God has baptised with His Holy Spirit, giving them an ever-increasing love for fallen humanity, thus making them into spiritual giants. May we then ask God to make us successful fishers of men by baptizing Spirit, and filling our hearts with love for Him and for the around us, so that we may all seasons, and in the face and rescue those who are way to ruin.—P. N. Esnou

TRACING THE

It was probably the best that Vice-Chancellor Hall the other day to the part heard before him.

The case, it will be remembered, several children where an estate of £7,000, were for the country. "They had for in the London Gazette before him.

"The London Gazette" Chancellor scornfully. "Y veritise in the War Cry, or Booth. How many tramp the London Gazette?"

The tracing of lost relatives been an important feature of the Salvation Army interesting "finds" are reporters. Some time ago a man and left all his money whom nothing was known somewhere in Australia.

Well, we made inquiries, the man. He was working Melbourne. We clothed him home to England. He was busy, and taken to Darlington solicitors put him in possession

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THE WAR CRY.

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keep awake to a sense of our great responsibility; keep awake while sinners are sleeping on the brink of eternal destruction! Keep awake! Keep awake! And God will reward us by giving us souls.

Not Self-Made.

As we now leave our fisherman and turn to the words of Christ, "I will make you fishers of men," we learn that genuine soul-fishers are not self-made but Christ-made.

Many people to-day endeavor to make themselves fishers of men by attending our best educational institutions, and thereby acquiring an ample store of knowledge; but education alone, although very helpful and by no means to be despised, will never make men and women into successful soul-winners. Others try, by various means, to qualify themselves for this great and good work, all of which may be good in themselves, but unless God fills the heart with a burning love for unsaved souls, and bestows the priceless gift of His Holy Spirit, giving new life and power to the individual, all other qualifications will be worthless. This is the reason to-day that out of so many so-called fishers there are so few fish caught for Christ.

We hear very much said at the present day in commendation of self-made men—men who have risen from the ordinary walks of life to fame and fortune. But let me say this, that men who have accomplished the most good for humanity, the men who have brought more peace and sunshine into dark and cheerless homes, the men who have distinguished themselves as soul-fishers and have been instrumental in capturing thousands of unsaved souls and leading them to Christ, have not simply been self-made men in the common sense of the term, but men, and women, too, whom God has baptised with His Holy Spirit, giving them an ever-increasing love for fallen humanity, thus making them into spiritual giants.

May we then ask God to make us successful fishers of men by baptizing us with His Holy Spirit, and filling our hearts with an intense love for Him and for the unsaved ones all around us, so that we may go everywhere, at all seasons, and in the face of all difficulties, and rescue those who are still on the broad way to ruin.—P. N. Esnouf.

TRACING THE LOST.

It was probably the best possible advice that Vice-Chancellor Hall gave at Preston the other day to the parties in a will suit heard before him.

The case, it will be remembered, was one where several children who were entitled to an estate of £7,000, were said to be tramping the country. "They had been advertised for in the London Gazette," said the parties before him.

"The London Gazette" said the Vice-Chancellor scornfully. "You had better advertise in the War Cry, or apply to General Booth. How many tramps, I wonder, read the London Gazette?"

The tracing of lost relatives has for a long time been an important feature of the Social Work of the Salvation Army, and some very interesting "finds" are reported by our officers. Some time ago a man died at Darlington and left all his money to a nephew, of whom nothing was known except that he was somewhere in Australia.

Well, we made inquiries, and at last found the man. He was working as a pedlar in Melbourne. We clothed him and sent him home to England. He was met by us at Tilbury, and taken to Darlington, where the solicitors put him in possession of the estate.

OLD HORSE SAVES LITTLE CHILD.

Prince, a twenty-year-old family horse owned by William McDonough, a Toledo (O.) grocer, played the part of a hero recently. The four-year-old daughter of Mr. McDonough wandered, unobserved, into a barn back of the store, and was soon at play on the floor of a big box stall, the freedom of which is allowed to Prince and another younger and very spirited animal. During her play the child fell under the younger horse and might have been kicked to death had not old Prince come to the rescue. In the meantime a search for the child had been started. Mr. McDonough went to the barn, and just as he entered he saw the old horse softly grasping the child's clothing, and, lifting her from danger, deposited her on the hay manger, where he carefully guarded her until Mr. McDonough took her away.

RESULTS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Church Economist, a United States journal, summarizes a part of the results of the liquor traffic to the nation during the year 1903 as follows:

Twenty-five hundred babies were smothered by drunken mothers.

Five thousand persons committed suicide.



Major and Mrs. Stanyon,

who have farewelled from the command of the Central Training Home, and have been transferred to the U. S. A. Field.

Sixty thousand fallen girls through drink.
Three hundred thousand paupers.
Three thousand murdered wives.
Seven thousand and nineteen additional murders.
Forty thousand widowed mothers.
One hundred thousand orphaned children.
One hundred thousand insane.
One hundred thousand criminals.
One hundred thousand died drunkards.

SAVED HIS HAND.

A young laboring man was brought to a certain hospital with a badly lacerated hand. He had fallen upon an old cotton hook, and it had gone entirely through the palm of his hand, carrying with it rust and dirt. The wound was kept open so it would suppurate freely, and be readily cleansed. As time passed on the hand became very much swollen, turned black, and the surgeons watched carefully for signs of blood poisoning, fearing that the entire hand would have to be amputated to save the life of its possessor. These signs not appearing, it then became a question whether more of the hand could be saved than the thumb and first two fingers. As the hand became no worse, the surgeon delayed operating on it, and after a time it began to mend, and finally healed entirely.

"Young man," said the surgeon to the patient, as the danger was passing away, "do you use alcohol in any form?"

"No, sir."

"Do you use tobacco?"

"No, sir."

With a wave of his hand, a nod of his head, the surgeon murmured, "That is what has saved your hand."—The Temperance Cause.

Newfoundland Nuggets.

Going Forward.

Catalina.—It is a long time ago since the War Cry has heard from us (There's more like you.—Ed.), but praise God we can report victory. Our officer, Capt. Ebsary, is about to farewell to go to another part of the vineyard. We are sorry to lose him, because he has proved a great blessing to this corps. Since he has been here our junior corps has gone forward, and it is still advancing. Our soldiers are still increasing and we are all marching on to greater victories.—A Salvationist.

♦ ♦ ♦

Little Bay Island.—Since last report we have had the joy of seeing some precious souls kneeling at the feet of Jesus. Lieuts. Diamond and Thornhill are holding the fort, and we are having some glorious times. We have had our annual picnic, which was a success. By the help of the friends we raised \$31 for H. F.—Corps-Cadet Oxford.

East Ontario News.

Confident of Victory.

Sherbrooke, Que.—God is with us and we are confident of victory in this great battle against sin. The meetings on Sunday were well attended, both outside and in and good attention was given as the soldiers told of the wonderful things God has done for them. The Lieutenant is laid aside from the fight by illness, but we are praying that God may restore her speedily.—H. L.

♦ ♦ ♦

Farewells and Welcomes.

Newport.—Once more we have to say good-bye to our officers, although Lieut. Omond has only been with us a month. Sister Nicholson, from Montreal, has also visited us. We have good crowds, but the devil seems to have them tightly bound with his chains. We mean to win them for Jesus, for we know that all things are possible with God.—Sec. Mrs. Frank Webster.

ILLUSTRATING BIBLE FACTS.

The Old Testament was collected by a prophet of God—Ezra—after the Babylonian captivity, about 430 B.C.

The first translation of the Bible was the celebrated Greek version of the Old Testament, called the LXX, or the Septuagint. It was done under the direction of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, between the years B.C. 285 and 269. The meaning of the title is "Seventy," and was bestowed upon it because it had the approval of the Jewish Sanhedrim, who appointed six men from each tribe to examine the complete work.

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The first translation of the New Testament was the Peshito, or Syriac version, which was completed somewhere near A.D. 125.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Bible was divided into chapters by Hugo Grotius, A.D. 1240; and the Old Testament was divided into verses by Mordecai Nathan, a Jewish Rabbi, A.D. 1445.

The Bible was first printed from movable types in A.D. 1485.

It was punctuated by Mantius, in the 16th century.

♦ ♦ ♦

The first book of the Bible, Genesis, was written by Moses in Midian, about 1500 B.C.; the last book of the Bible, the Gospel of John, was written A.D. 98—about two years after the Revelation was written.

♦ ♦ ♦

There are 66 books in the Bible.

In the Old Testament there are 39.

| | |
|----------------|-----------|
| Books | 39 |
| Chapters | 926 |
| Verses | 23,214 |
| Words | 582,429 |
| Letters | 2,723,106 |

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle verse is 2 Chronicles xx. 17.

The middle chapter is Job xviii.

The longer verse is Esther viii. 3.

The shortest chapter is Psalms cxviii.

Ezra vii. 21 has all the letters in the alphabet except J.

3 Kings xix. and Isaiah xxxvii. are almost identical.

2 Samuel xxii. and Psalm cxviii. are very similar.

There are no words or names of more than six syllables in the Bible.

♦ ♦ ♦

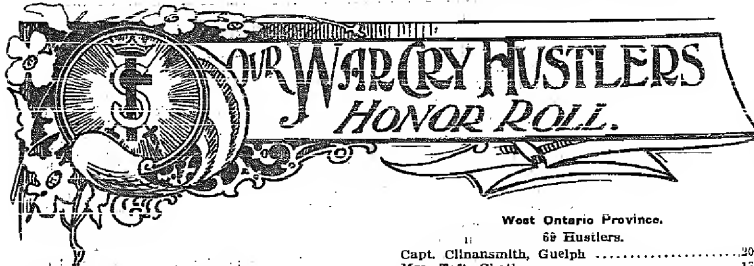
In the New Testament there are—

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|----------------|---------|
| Books | 27 |
| Chapters | 260 |
| Verses | 7,559 |
| Words | 181,253 |
| Letters | 828,380 |

The middle book is 2 Thessalonians.

The middle verse, Acts xvii. 17.

The shortest verse in the Bible is John xi. 53.



How Jokes are Made—Necessary for a Bubbling in the Heart—A Serious Business.

Did yez ever tri fer make a joke? Well, I d. clare it's the most serious business yez ever tried. In the first place yez got to be a joker—if since yer was a yungster yez not had the gud fortune to have been fed wiv the oil of joy, and in addishun he a very flexible brane, then yez might jst as well giv up the job.

Now then, I allus knew, from close observashun, that a joker must allus hev sommat to joke about. Fer example, yer canoot joke about sad subjects, and while in mi day mi art was wel watered wiv this oil of joy, yet when I stuck mi hed in mi flats and try and see a joke in the solemn state of this yer compulsion list I can't say I feel particularly inspired—that is ter say, as I glance at the sepulchral and unmoved condishun of this yer business, I feel as if I cudnt think of one funny thing; so look ere, the all of yez, if ye want ter see the funniest things in print yez want all to do somethin in partekler and tickle mi brane, so that this ere oil of joy I hev been speakin about may bubble up wv in mi art and make it, as it were, a joy to misel, as well as to yez all, ter write them er notes at the ed of this yer page. From your devoted Uncle.

Hustlers Rhymes No. 3.



This is the louse that sells the Cry,
Who makes the gay and cranky buy.
No-body can refuse her smile,
To buy a paper they think worth while.
She never has one cross word to say,
In rain or sunshin goes boom-
ing her way;
Her name in print appears below,
Because the Editor

—Loves It So.

Central Ontario Province,

75 Hustlers.

| | |
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| Capt. Crocker, Sudbury | 175 |
| Capt. S. Porter, Owen Sound | 150 |
| Lieut. Pender, North Bay | 120 |
| P. S.-M. J. Dan, Lippincott | 111 |
| Maggie Castle, St. Catharines | 108 |
| Sergt. Miller, Barrie | 100 |
| Ensign McCann, Soo, Ont. | 100 |
| Capt. Dauberville, Soo, Ont. | 100 |
| Capt. Carper, Dovercourt | 100 |
| Mrs. Capt. Waide, Huntsville | 100 |
| 90 and Over—Sergt.-Major Moore, Riverside; | |
| Lieut. Meeks, Dundas; Mrs. Adj. Haskirk, Hamilton I. | |
| 80 and Over—Adj. Newman, Barrie; Capt. M. Stephens, Midland. | |
| 70 and Over—Capt. Pynn, St. Catharines; Capt. Chislett, Parry Sound; Capt. Meeks, Yorkville. | |
| 60 and Over—Capt. J. Marshall, Hampton; Mrs. Burrows, Hamilton I.; Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Capt. Calvert, Orillia; Sergt. A. Andrews, Temple. | |
| 50 and Over—Capt. Hudgins, Gravenhurst; Sec. Richards, Lindsay; Lieut. Stimers, Temple; Lieut. Langdon, Aurora; Lieut. Weinholdt, Burke's Falls; S.-M. Andrews, Temple; Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.; Mrs. Cornelius, Esther St.; Capt. New, Riverside. | |
| 40 and Over—Mrs. Adj. Parsons, Lindsay; Sergt. L. Irwin, Lippincott; Lieut. Bowcock, Uxbridge; Mrs. L. Hips, Junction; Martha Caddell, Ligar St.; Capt. Walker, Esther St.; Sister M. Prime, Hamilton I.; Mrs. C. Hudson, Gravenhurst. | |
| 30 and Over—Ensign McNaney, Lieut. Brack, Sturgeon Falls; Sergt. Eva Freeman, Lippincott; Mrs. Calver, P.-sign Banks, Bowmanville; Lieut. Jordan, Oshawa; Mrs. Pynn, St. Catharines; Capt. Curdell, Chesley; Sister Smith, Lieut. Hurd, Hamilton II.; Capt. Quaffe, "Yamout; Capt. Sticks, Riverside; Sister Young, Newmarket. | |
| 20 and Over—Mrs. Knight, Lippincott; Capt. Jago, Lieut. Varsell, Newmarket; Capt. McMillan, Hamilton I.; Elmer Caniff, Lieut. Plummer, Gore Bay; Sergt. Gibson, Bowmanville; Capt. Plant, Oshawa; Capt. Clark, Robt. Warren, Little Current; Sergt. C. Fletcher, Burke's Falls; Treas. Nelson, Lindsay; Bro. Smith, Midland; P. S.-M. Heard, Kilmount; Bro. C. Tuck, Ligar St.; Little Allen, Sergt. Mrs. Stacey, Sergt. Lizette Bradley, Sergt. May Wingate, St. Catharines; Mrs. Coombs, Temple; Mrs. Hyde, Ligar St.; S.-M. Campbell, Chesley; Mrs. Ensign McClelland, Ensign McClelland, Hamilton II.; Capt. Jordan, Gore Bay. | |

West Ontario Province,

68 Hustlers.

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| Capt. Clinansmith, Guelph | 205 |
| Mrs. Teft, Chatham | 170 |
| Capt. Lighthorne, Brantford | 140 |
| Staff-Capt. DesBrisay, Brantford | 140 |
| Mrs. Adj. Snow, Simcoe | 135 |
| Lieut. Strupson, Galt | 130 |
| Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas | 125 |
| Sergt. Garside, London | 125 |
| Mrs. Adj. Kendall, London | 120 |
| Lieut. Carter, Goderich | 110 |
| Capt. Richardson, Ridgeway | 110 |
| Mrs. Capt. Forsey, Strathroy | 110 |
| Sergt. Proctor, London | 102 |
| Mrs. Capt. Rock, Wallaceburg | 100 |
| Capt. McCall, Tillsonburg | 100 |
| Lieut. Askin, Sarnia | 100 |
| 90 and Over—Mrs. Capt. Burton, Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock. | |
| 80 and Over—Capt. Bonney, Norwich; Adj. Sims, Petrolia; Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll; Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas. | |
| 70 and Over—Ensign Orega, Sarnia; Ensign Howcroft, Kingsville; Capt. Maisey, Blenheim; Mrs. Adj. Sims, Petrolia; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll; J. S. S.-M. McDonald, Wingham. | |
| 60 and Over—Sister Fisher, Alymer; Sister Hudson, London; Capt. Young, Mowbray; Capt. Hinsley, Forest; Capt. Green, Palmerston; Capt. Pattenden, Essex; Capt. Boyd, Clinton. | |
| 50 and Over—Mrs. Jordan, Chatham; Sister Harding, Brantford; Lieut. Matler, Goderich; Lieut. Setter, Sister Wakefield, Dresden; S.-M. Bryden, Sister Doherty, Windsor; Capt. Kitchen; Lieut. Waldruff, Leamington; Capt. Hippen, Lieut. Brown, Sarnia. | |
| 40 and Over—P. S.-M. Gilders, Ida Masterson, Hespeler; Capt. Thompson, Lieut. Gibbank, Paris; Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock. | |
| 30 and Over—Capt. Thompson, Thornduff; Sec. Mrs. Blackwell, Petrolia; Ruth Green, Palmerston; S.-M. Cutting, Essex; Capt. Hore, Wingham. | |
| 20 and Over—Bro. Mungrove, Wroster; Belle Cartwright, Galt; Sister Brooks, Alymer; Adj. Ken-dall, London; Lieut. Cunningham, Kingsville; Harry Walker, Windsor; Lizette Blackwell, Petrolia; Lieut. Robinson, Hespeler; Capt. Pennacy, Strathroy; Mrs. Dearling, Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Capt. Kerswell, L.-town; Lieut. Turner, Clinton. | |

North-West Province,

45 Hustlers.

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|---|-----|
| Lieut. Keeler, Winnipeg | 216 |
| Sister Gray, Winnipeg | 213 |
| Mrs. Gilliam, Fargo | 100 |
| Adj. Hayes, Portage la Prairie | 100 |
| Capt. Barner, Devil's Lake | 100 |
| 90 and Over—Mrs. Ensign Askin, Moorhead. | |
| 80 and Over—Capt. Irwin, Port Arthur; Lieut. Russell, Edmonton; Mrs. Staff-Capt. Ayre, Calgary; Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Lethbridge. | |
| 70 and Over—Adj. Hayes, Jamestown; S. S. McKay, Edmonton. | |
| 60 and Over—Sister McWilliams, Winnieper; Capt. Cusler, Lieut. Pearce, Fort William; Sergt. Chapman, Winnipeg. | |
| 50 and Over—C.-C. Pettitt, Medicine Hat; Lieut. Karna, Curman; Lieut. Studden, Rat Portage; J. S. S.-M. Kay, Fargo; Ensign Southall, Medicine Hat. | |
| 40 and Over—Mrs. Capt. Swain, Rat Portage; Ensign Hall, Lieut. Johnston, Regina; Capt. Taylor, Lethbridge; Capt. Lawford, Lieut. Smith, Prince Albert; Capt. Lenwick, Capt. Bauson, Moose Jaw; Lieut. Gardiner, Valley City; C.-C. Barker, Calgary. | |
| 30 and Over—Capt. Kennis, Minot; Sister Collins, Winnipeg; Sister Mrs. Barker, Calgary; Lieut. Rankin, Minot; Lieut. Fletcher, Carberry; Lieut. Oak, Selkirk; C. P. Hall, Larimer; Capt. Davey, Dauphin. | |
| 20 and Over—C.-C. Manson, Sister Adams, Wismarck; Lieut. Henderson, Lieut. VanDusen, Jamestown; Capt. Elliott, Neepawa; Capt. Mercer, Jamestown; Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa. | |

Pacific Province,

27 Hustlers.

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| Sister Knudson, Bellingham | 155 |
| Mrs. Ensign Dowell, Great Falls | 122 |
| Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Butte | 120 |
| Capt. Travis, Fernie | 105 |
| Capt. West, Vancouver | 100 |
| Cand. Brat, Spokane | 100 |
| 90 and Over—Lieut. M. Davidson, Bayview. | |
| 70 and Over—Capt. Papstsch, Nelson. | |
| 60 and Over—Adj. Larder, Everett; Mrs. Capt. Baynton, New Westminster; Mrs. Wilson, Vancouver; Adj. Dean, Nelson. | |
| 50 and Over—Mrs. W. Innes, Mrs. C. Blair, New Westminster; Bro. Brington, Vancouver; Sergt. McClelland, Spokane; Joelle Wilkins, Butte. | |
| 40 and Over—John Salek, Spokane. | |
| 30 and Over—Cand. Riley, Spokane; Mrs. Forcath, Bro. Bauer, Bro. Bill, Roseland; Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Butte; Ensign Dowell, Great Falls. | |

20 and Over—Bro. A. Johnson, Vancouver; Mrs. Hayes, Mt. Vernon; Jessie Jance, Helena.

Territorial Training College,

27 Hustlers.

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| Cadet Friedrich, 78; Cadet McLeod, 64; Cadet Horwood, 45; Cadet Norman, 43; Cadet Pollard, 42; Cadet Chatterton, 42; Cadet Lazenby, 42; Cadet Culman, 37; Cadet McMillan, 35; Cadet Andrews, 35; Cadet Bryon, 34; Cadet Griffith, 32; Cadet Gray, 32; Cadet Morris, 32; Cadet Wray, 30; Cadet Gilkin, 29; Cadet Hubley, 29; Cadet Leadman, 29; Cadet Meers, 28; Cadet Penny, 25; Cadet McWilliam, 24; Cadet Bearchell, 24; Cadet Stockford, 24; Cadet Champine, 23; Cadet Clark, 23; Cadet Trumblood, 23; Cadet Russell, 23. | |
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Klondike,

4 Hustlers.

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| Mrs. Sainsbury, Skagway | 120 |
| 60 and Over—Capt. Andrews, Capt. Pease, Dawson City. | |
| 30 and Over—Capt. Sainsbury, Skagway. | |

Our History Class.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XXII.

EDWARD IV.—A.D. 1461-1483.

Though Edward IV. was made king, the wars of the Red and the White Roses were not over yet. Queen Margaret and her friends were always trying to get help for poor King Henry. Edward had been so base and mean as to have him led into London, with his feet tied together under his horse, while men struck him on the face, and cried out, "Behold the traitor!" But Henry was meek, patient, and gentle throughout; and, when shut up in the Tower, spent his time in reading and praying, or playing with his little dog.

Queen Margaret and her son Edward were living with her father in France, and she was always trying to have her husband set free and brought back to his throne. In the meantime, all England was exceedingly surprised to find that Edward IV. had been secretly married to a beautiful lady named Elizabeth Woodville—Lady Grey. Her first husband had been killed fighting for Henry, and she had stood under an oak tree, when King Edward was passing, to entreat that his hands might not be taken from her little boys. The king fell in love with her and married her, but for a long time he was afraid to tell the Earl of Warwick; and when he did, Warwick was greatly offended—and all the more because Elizabeth's relations were proud and gay in their dress, and tried to set themselves above all the old nobles. Warwick himself had no son, but he had two daughters, whom he meant to marry to the king's two brothers—George, Duke of Clarence, and Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Edward thought this would make Warwick too powerful, and though he could not prevent George from marrying Isabel Neville, the eldest daughter, the discontent grew so strong that Warwick persuaded George to fly with him, turn against his own brother, and offer Queen Margaret their help. No wonder Margaret did not trust them, and was very hard to persuade that Warwick could mean well for her; but at last she consented, and gave her son Edward—a fine lad of sixteen—to marry his daughter, Anne Neville; after which, Warwick—whom men began to call the king-maker—went back to England with Clarence, to raise their men, while she was to follow with her son and his young wife. Warwick came so suddenly that he took the Yorkists by unawares. Edward had to flee for his life to Flanders, leaving his wife and her babies to take shelter in Westminster Abbey—since no one durst take anyone out of a holy place—and poor Henry was taken out of prison and set on the throne again. However, Edward soon got help in Flanders, where his sister was married to the Duke of Burgundy. He came back again, gathered his friends, and sent messages to his brother Clarence that he would forgive him if he would desert the card. No one ever had less faith or honor than George of Clarence. He did desert Warwick, just as the battle of Barnet Heath was beginning; and Warwick's king-making all ended, for he was killed, and his brother and many others, in the battle.

And this was the first news that met Margaret when, after being long hindered by foul weather, she landed at Plymouth. She would have done more wisely to have gone back, but her son Edward looked to strike a blow for his inheritance, and they had friends in Wales whom they hoped to meet. So they made their way into Gloucestershire; but there King Edward, with both his brothers, came down upon them at Tewkesbury, and there their army was routed, and the young prince taken and killed—some say by the king himself and his brothers. Poor broken-hearted Queen Margaret was made prisoner, and carried to the Tower, where she arrived a day or two after the meek and crazed captive, Henry VI. had been slain, that there might be no more risings in his name. And so ended the long war of York and Lancaster—though not in peace or joy to the many faithless family who had conquered.

(To be continued.)

Many letters have come to the T. H. recently from our old Cadets, telling a little of their field experience gained while here. Our old Cadets are not in the least, but are daily upheld in our arms of prayer and faith in the evening prayers for Field Officers at 6.15. God bless them all, the new and the old.

Our Medical Column.

Leprosy.

This disease has, at the present time, a historical interest rather than an immediate practical importance; in America, especially, the disease is very rare, so that a case of it is an object of extreme interest to physicians. Nearly all the cases of leprosy that are observed in America have been imported direct from some of these localities where the disease still exists; the great majority of cases are observed in the northern part of the United States, at least, occur in Sweden, Norwegians, and Danes, who have contracted the affection in their mother countries.

It seems to be generally agreed that the leprosy that we know to-day is the same as that of which we read in the Scriptures. Yet, it is probable that the term leprosy as it is used in the Bible, includes several distinct diseases of the skin. Thus several individuals are described as being "white as snow," since this appearance is not presented by leprosy, but is a frequent occurrence in psoriasis (dry scurf) it seems that the latter affection was designated.

The disease known as leprosy has certainly been in existence, and has been recognized as such, since 1500 B.C. The first accounts that we have of it indicate that it originated in Egypt. In Persia that disease was known in the sixth century B.C.; it seems to have appeared in Greece and Italy in the first century, B.C.

From these countries it spread over the greater part of Europe; for a long time—several centuries—it was quite common in the Italian peninsula; it seems to have migrated with the Romans to Spain, where it flourished for hundreds of years, and can indeed be found at the present time.

In the fifth century of the Christian era leprosy was a common disease in Germany, Switzerland, and Flanders. In the twelfth century the disease was a familiar one in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

In the most countries named leprosy gradually disappeared, so that it is now a comparatively rare disease, except in Spain. But in Norway and Sweden, where it seems to have made its appearance later than in South European countries, there is still a considerable number of cases. It is supposed that the Crusaders were the agents in bringing back a considerable stock of the disease from Palestine.

At the present day leprosy is common in certain parts of South America—Uruguay and Guiana, for example—in Mexico, especially among the Indian races; in certain other parts of Central America and Brazil. The disease is also found at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, along the shores of the Red Sea, and at points around about the entire coast of Africa. It is found in Abyssinia, in Soudan, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Senegambia, in Morocco, and the Algiers. In the southern part of Asia the disease is also quite prevalent; the various provinces of the British Empire in the East Indies contain many cases of it; and within two years, two hundred and twelve persons were treated in the hospital at Madras. In numerous islands of the Pacific the disease is also at home, notably in the Sandwich Islands; and it seems to have been transported thence to Australia, where it was unknown until 1848, but is now quite prevalent.

Many cases of leprosy are also found in China and Japan, where hospitals for the reception of these sufferers are constantly full.

A GIGANTIC CABLEWAY.

The longest and largest cableway is to be constructed on the Argentine side of the Andes Mountains. This cableway is to extend from the Chichito Station to the Argentine Northern Railroad for a total distance of thirty-two miles. Its terminus at that end will be 17,500 feet above sea level, and the engine station to be erected will be the highest in the world.

No less than eighty-seven miles of rope will be required for the cableway. The project will necessitate many remarkable engineering difficulties being surmounted, since at one or two points the cable will have to span gorges 2,900 feet wide by 650 feet deep.

SUCCESSFUL STRUGGLES.

It is a curious fact in the history of nations that only those who have had to struggle, the hardest for an existence have been highly successful. As a rule the same thing is true of men. One would think that it would be a great relief to have the bread-and-butter problem solved by one's ancestors, so that one might devote all his energies and time to the development of the mental and spiritual faculties, but this is contrary to the verdict of history and the daily experience of the world. The strugglers—those born to a heritage of poverty and toil, and not those reared in the lap of fortune—have, with a few exceptions, been the leaders of civilization, the giants of the race.

S. A. IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

We are Agents for all the leading Railway and Steamship Lines, and book passengers for all parts of the world. Any officers, soldiers or friends contemplating visiting England, or any other part of the world, or desiring to send for friends, are advised to write for lowest rates, etc., to Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

DON'T

Leave it to the last moment to decide about your Christmas Gifts, and then blame the Trade Department because you do not get your goods in time. Although we are carrying a heavier stock of Mottoes, Book Marks, Booklets, etc., than ever before, it has received such Japanese bomb-like treatment during the past week that some ominous gaps are becoming apparent on our shelves. It will, therefore, save us and yourself a good deal of

WORRY

If you were to make out your list and send it in at once. Let us know what you want, and we will suit you. As a matter of suggestion we will mention a few suitable lines.

Commissioner's Farewell Message.

These sell on sight, and each Officer, or an enterprising Soldier, should get a few examples, and take orders for the same. They should sell at 50c. each, but we have made them as low as possible in selling them at 35c. This may be the last opportunity of securing a First-Class Photo of the Commissioner from what is considered to be

ABOUT

the Best Negative that has been made of her. It's "up to you" to order now.

Post Pens. These Pens are selling faster than ever, and are becoming more popular in the States as they are known. It would be difficult to find anything more suitable for a

XMAS

Gift, either for a lady or gentleman, than one of these Pens. Some of our enterprising Officers have secured a few samples, and are taking orders for the same. The prices run from \$3.00 to \$5.00, and we give very liberal terms to Agents.

Brass Instruments.

There has been quite a revival of late in the sale of these goods, and, as expected, we have been able to give such satisfaction, by

reason of giving the benefit of our experience, as to prices and merits of the goods, that we are receiving second and third orders from the same corps. By the way, perhaps some corps would like to make their band a Christmas

GIFT

Of this kind, WE HAVE SOLD MORE INSTRUMENTS IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS THAN WE HAVE SOLD FOR YEARS, and we are just beginning. To those who can afford to go the Army make, we recommend them, but for a real good instrument, at reasonable cost, we can do as well as any, and better than most houses in the trade. REMEMBER, NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO SELL INSTRUMENTS TO CORPS OUTSIDE OF THE TRADE DEPARTMENT, TORONTO.

Officer's Caps.

We have received a large shipment of these. The prices are a little in advance of the old style—F. O's. \$2.25: Ensign's and Adjutant's. \$2.50—also other new lines.

Write Us.

We shall be pleased to send information on any of the above matters, as to prices, etc.

ADDRESS:

TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, TORONTO.

We are looking for you

4644. LUNDGREN, CARL L. Last heard of at Elgin, Ill., in the spring of 1901. May be in the Yukon. Any information thankfully received at the above address.

4645. BAKER, JAMES. Native of Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia. Solicitor by profession. Last heard of in Winnipeg. May have gone to the South African War.

4646. BROADBENT, ELIZABETH. Age 19 years, brown hair, English nationality, domestic. Was last heard of at 380 Union St., St. John, N.B.

4647. RAE, MRS. JAMES (nee Mary O'Donnell). Native of Lanarkshire, Scotland. Left there twenty years ago for America. Last heard from in San Francisco, four years ago. May be in the Western States.

4649. BUCKNELL, JOHN ALBERT RICHARDSON. Age 21 years, height 5ft. 9in., light hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Last known to be on a whaling expedition which sailed from Victoria, B.C.

4651. BOOTH, GEORGE or ESTHER. Formerly of Liversedge, Yorkshire, England. Came to Canada seventeen or eighteen years ago; supposed to be living somewhere in Ontario.

4654. LAWS, HERBERT C. Age 25, height 5ft. 4in., dark hair, brown eyes. Usually works as a cook in lumber camps. Last heard from at Oshkosh, Wis., July, 1902. Is supposed to be in the Western States.

4652. WHITE, EDITH ALICE. Age 34 years, medium height, dark hair, dark eyes. Last heard of in Montreal, P.Q. Friends in England very anxious.

4653. CUNNINGHAM, PATRICK. Age 36 years, height 5ft. 7in., red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; farm laborer. Supposed to be in or around Welland, Ont.

4654. YOUNGSON, MRS. ISABELLA. Age 24 years, height 5ft., dark hair, blue eyes, rather pale. Last known address: Arcola, Assn., N.W.T.

DICKSON, JOHN. Age 30 years, height 5ft. 4in., dark hair, dark eyes; formerly a sailor. Supposed to be in Alaska or Yukon.

4629. MERCIAN, MRS. J. HOWARD (nee Addie Fralle). Age 23 years, height 5ft. 7 in.; formerly of Brooklyn, Queen's Co., N.S.

4628. McCOURT, HENRY. Age 24 years, height 5ft. 9in., dark blue eyes, fair complexion, two upper front teeth missing. Supposed to have gone to the Klondike. Native of Portadown, Ireland. Friends very anxious.

4629. BROWN, WILLIAM. Age 60 years; boot-maker; at one time carried on a repair shop in Toronto. Went to England two years ago. Has recently returned to Canada.

4447. MOODY, JAMES WILLIAM. Age 22, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes; occupation electrical engineer. It would be to his advantage, financially, to write the above address.

4650. DENNETT, GEORGE. Age 37, height 5ft. 6in., black hair, brown eyes, rather pale. Left England in April, 1902. Was last heard from in March, 1904, at Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

4651. Information wanted of MRS. MAUD PHILLIPS (nee Maud Isabel McCormack), who formerly lived at 355 Church St., Toronto.

4656. WOODARD, JOSEPH. Age 42, height 5ft. 5in., sandy complexion. Last heard of in Columbus, Ohio, five years ago. May have returned to Canada.

4657. LAIN, HERBERT WALTER AUGUSTUS. Age 32 years, height 5ft. 4in., dark hair, hazel eyes, medium complexion; solicitor's clerk. Last known address: 94 St. Genevieve, Montreal.



Herbert W. A. Lain.



John C. Miller.

4638. MILLAR, JOHN C. Age 25 years, height 5ft. 6in., dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes, fair complexion; mechanic.

4639. SAVAGE, SYDNEY. Age 17. Came to Canada through the Macdonald House. Last heard of seven years ago.

4642. GLEN, JOHN. Age 24 years, height 5ft. 10in., red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; electrician. Englishman by birth; is supposed to have come to Canada.



COMING NOW TO THEE.

Tune.—Blessed Lord, in Thee is Refuge (B.J. 57).

1 Precious, tender, loving Saviour,
We are coming now to Thee,
Seeking only Thy good favor,
And entirely Thine to be.
Come and fill us
With a deeper love for Thee.
Oh, to plunge in love's deep fountain,
Love's unfathomed, boundless sea,
Flowing down from Calvary's mountain,
And on through eternity.
Give us more, Lord,
Of the love of Calvary.

Jesus, at Thy feet we're claiming
Fire from off the altar now;
So that all the dross remaining
Be consumed, just here and now.
Purify us,
As before Thy cross we bow.
C. W. M. G., Moose Jaw.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Tune.—Antioch (Joy to the World).

2 I have a great High Priest on High,
Seated at God's right hand;
His sympathies are ever nigh,
And He can make me stand.

Jesus, my Lord, my Saviour, King,
My heart is won to Thee;
Accept the tribute now I bring,
Thine may I ever be.

Thy voice is heard above the roar,
Of everything around;
My heart does love Thee more and more,
And Thy name's joyful sound.

This Holy Spirit lives in me,
My Comforter and Guide;
Whisper me ever true to Thee,
Forsaking all beside.

I overcome sin by Thy blood,
And testimony, too;
Hell flies before Thy conquering rod,
The devil knows that's true.

My days and hours are all Thine own,
Help me to use them well,
Until I see Thee on Thy throne,
And find victory tell.

Then, hallelujah to the Lamb,
The conquering Son of God!
We'll join their ranks who overcome,
With robes washed in His blood.
C. C. G., Toronto.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Tune.—In the Sweet By-and-by.

3 There's a beautiful home up on high,
Far away over Jordan's dark flood;
But its beauty you never shall know,
Unless washed in the sin-cleansing blood.

Chorus.

We will fight, we will fight,
To our Saviour we mean to be true.

For our King we will faithfully fight,
And His love to poor sinners proclaim;
For His will is our greatest delight,
We will glory alone in His name.

We have loved ones now gone on before,
There in heaven they sing round the throne;
We shall meet on the evergreen shore,
When our work here below we have done.
Capt. May Lang, Peterboro.

Tune.—There is a Happy Land Far, Far Away.

4 I am a child of God,
Praising the Lord,
Washed in the precious blood
Of Christ the Lord.
He pardoned all my sin,
And His Spirit lives within,
Eternal life is in,
Praise ye the Lord.

I am a happy man,
Praising the Lord;
A follower of the Lamb,
Fought by His word.
Come to the Lamb of God,
Seek salvation through the blood,
Yield to His chastening rod,
Believe on the Lord.

Tune.—We Shall Win (B.M. 113).

5 Let us sing of His love once again,
Of the love that can never decay;
Of the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Till we praise Him again in that day.

Chorus.

I believe, Jesus saves,
And His blood makes me whiter than snow.

There is cleansing and healing for all
Who will wash in the life-giving flood;
There is life everlasting and joy
At the right hand of God, through the blood.

Even now, while we taste of His love,
We are filled with delight at His name;
Oh, what will it be when above
We shall join in the song of the Lamb?

Then we'll march in His name till we come
At His bidding, to enter our rest;
And the Father shall welcome us home
To our place in the realms of the blest.

So with banners unfurled to the breeze,
Our motto shall "Holiness" be,
Till the crown from His hands we shall seize,
And the King in His glory we'll see.

Tune.—With Panting Heart (B.M. 11).

6 O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am the Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

WILL CONDUCT

A DAY OF SALVATION

ON

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4th.

11 a.m. and 3 p.m.—Public Meetings in the S. A. Temple, Albert St.

7 p.m.—Salvation Meeting in the Association Hall, Yonge Street.

Tune.—Stand Up for Jesus (B.J. 23).

7 Fight on, fight on for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high the royal banner, it must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory His Army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.

Chorus.

The day of victory's coming, 'tis coming by-and-by,
When to the cross of Calvary all nations they shall fly,
We're soldiers in the Army, we'll fight until we die,
For the day of victory's coming by-and-by.

Fight on, fight on for Jesus, the trumpet call obey;
Perth to the mighty conflict in this His glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve Him against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose.

Fight on, fight on for Jesus, stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—ye dare not trust your own;

Put on salvation armor, and, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger, be never wanting there.

Tune.—No Other Argument (B.J. 7).

8 Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Chorus.

We have no other argument; we want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died, and that He died for me.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear;
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

Oh, that the world would taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

GREAT SALE OF WORK

OF

Useful and Fancy Articles in the
Interests of the Rescue Work.

As funds are urgently needed in this department, for assisting and extending the work, officers, soldiers, friends, Bands of Love, young people's societies, and other Christian workers, are cordially requested to assist by sending articles as above.

All friends interested in Rescue and Children's Work are also invited to contribute towards the same.

Please communicate with
Mrs. Brigadier Southall,
Women's Social Secretary,
S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

COMING EVENTS!

EASTERN PROVINCE.

KINETOGRAPH TOUR OF STAFF-CAPTAIN
McLEAN AND CAPT. URQUHART.

Carlton, Dec. 2; St. John V., Dec. 3, 4; Eastport, Dec. 5; Chatham, Dec. 6; St. Stephen, Dec. 7; Houlton, Dec. 8; Woodstock, Dec. 9; Fredericton, Dec. 10, 11; Chatham, Dec. 12; Newcastle, Dec. 13; Campbellton, Dec. 14.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Mercer—Regina, Dec. 2, 3, 4; Summerby, Dec. 5; Moosemin, Dec. 6, 7; Virden, Dec. 8; Brandon, Dec. 9, 10, 11; Carberry, Dec. 12, 13, 14; Fort Arthur, Dec. 15, 16; Fort William, Dec. 20, 21; Rat Portage, Dec. 22, 23, 24; Selkirk, Dec. 27, 28, 29.